

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1879.

WHOLE NUMBER 407.

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moderate as those of any other respectable paper.
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Announcements of Marriages, Births and Deaths
inserted free of cost.
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OUR JOB OFFICE IS COMPLETE
in every particular, and our Job Printer is ac-
knowledge the best in the state.
Prices to suit the times.

WINTER WILL COME! IT NEVER FAILS.

Read and Profit Thereby.

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT

GEO. H. BRUCE & CO.

Are the First to Pull Down Prices and the Last to Put Them up.

They Continue to Reduce Old Figures While Others Are Forced to Acknowledge an Advance.

Their Advantages in Buying Have Been Proven in Their Selling.

People all over the Country Will Testify that They Originated the Scale of Low Prices.

Their Increasing Trade Alarms their Competitors and their Low Prices Gladden their Friends.

THEY ARE STILL INCREASING THEIR STOCK & WILL, IN THE FUTURE, DOUBLE IT!

A One-Price Cash House is the Only Redemption for the People.

They Charge no Extra per cent. to Cover Expense and Lost Debts in Crediting.

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Over 500 Samples of Foreign and Domestic Piece Goods from Devlin & Co., New York. They will take your Measure and Guarantee Perfect-Fitting Garments.

Advertisers are Numerous, but Honest Goods and Low Prices are Scarce. They Charge you Nothing to Examine, but Promise you Money if you Buy. Therefore Go Immediately to See

GEO. H. BRUCE & CO.,

NORTH MAIN STREET.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

DOUBLE NUMBER

Our Christmas Gift.

In childhood's happy years when the annual visits of Santa Claus seemed an eternity apart, we could scarce believe our parents and older persons when they talked of the shortness of the years and the fleetness with which time passed. But we more than realize it now, for it seems but a short month ago since we were writing of Christmas before, and yet three hundred and sixty-five days are numbered with the past. This whirligig has, of course, made some changes in many households, death has entered some, others have been torn by sad partings, but taken as a county our death rate has been small, no epidemic has visited us, our crops were good, business has revived, and this merry Christmas of 1879 finds us with many causes of thankfulness. Then in our gratitude for these good gifts let us lay aside care and devote this week in trying to be happy and in making those around us happy. Presents from kind friends will be the order of the day, so we have prepared this DOUBLE ISSUE OF SIXTY-FOUR PAGES which we present to our readers—to the dear paid up subscriber and to the delinquent sinner as well, hoping that they will appreciate the trouble and expense which its publication created, and cause the latter to call, pay past dues and lay the money in our hands for another year. And now with a "merry Christmas and a happy new year" to each reader of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, and with heartfelt thanks to those watchful and untiring correspondents who have borne the burden and the heat of the day with us, we leave you to the full enjoyment of the festive occasion.

Of course Arnold will never suffer the penalty of the cowardly murder of Little. Even if by the verdict of a jury should convict him, there is the Court of Appeals to set aside the verdict, or Blackburn over ready with his little pardon. This is an alarming state of affairs. No one is safe but the cold-blooded murderer. He can pursue his devilish calling free from hurt or punishment, backed almost by the executive and the highest court in the State. Our laws are a dead letter. The murderer's pistol and bowie knife are all supreme, and murder, rapine and robbery the order of the day. If this state of affairs continue nothing will be left but for the people to matters in their own hands.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says that there is a good deal of comment and quiet figure work here as to the probable status of the Senate in 1881. If New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana elect Republican Senators and General Mahone goes with the Republican or Grant party, as he calls it, the Senate will be Republican by two majorities. If he remains on the fence it will be a tie, and the Vice-President's vote will decide all political and other important questions.

The Hopkinsville *Eco Era*, whose talented editor is a native of the Old Dominion, hopes that the report that Gen. Mahone, the new U. S. Senator, will act with the Republicans in Congress, and adds that he has brought upon Virginia the deepest disgrace ever put upon her. The Democratic party cannot afford to be encumbered with such cattle.

AUDITOR D. HOWARD SMITH announces that he is again prepared to audit claims against the State, and will do so as fast as his limited clerical force will admit. It is pleasing to know that Kentucky can resume the payment of her debts after six months' intermission.

THE *Sunday Argus* of Louisville came out double its usual size last Sunday, and was replete with good things from the pens of numerous writers of distinction. The *Argus* is one of the fixtures of Louisville, and no one is prouder of its great success than we.

THE Rads are threatening war in Maine over the recent action of the Returning Board in counting a Democratic House. We hope they will try it. Nothing would be easier than for the Democracy to wipe them out on an issue of that kind.

EDSON'S electric light is now said to be a wonderful success, and he is confident that he can produce it at half the cost of gas. The daily papers teem with accounts of it and figure up the results of the discovery as the greatest of the age.

TALMAGE says cremation is altogether wrong. We suppose he thinks the burning the average man will get in the other world is amply sufficient for all practical purposes.

The thing was cut and dried at Philadelphia. Grant is to be the Republican nominee for President, will be seen so on the first ballot.

Fools and Their Folly.

The Grant fever, like all diseases of the individual marked by increased heat, acceleration of the pulse and general derangement of the functions, has run its course. The unnatural excitement of the body politic has practically abated; the peeling off process, the ex-foliation so to speak, has set in, and the soundest advice that can be given to prevent a recurrence of the disease is to thoroughly disinfect, and burn the dead skin as well as a rag under the noses of the people. We have but small faith, however, that the advice will be heeded. Fools and their money soon part in an old maxim, but fools and their folly never part in a better one. In many respects the American people are American asses. They are snobbish, and worse than this, overgrown in flunkiness. If they can't overgive after the illotrious fashion they had rather be idled out of political existence, and this, at least, is but the true philosophy of the adulation poured on to Grant until, doubtless, his stomach has become squeamish if not turned. Weak folks got it into their heads that he is a strong man, a sort of God, and that worship toward his throne is a consequent privilege and duty. For this reason we conjecture that an effort to establish the Empire would be met with no serious opposition except by a few. The flunkies, and they seem to be in the majority, would readily give in. They fall down before Grant because he is the strong man. They would yield allegiance to the Empire, because it would be a strong government. Such servility has always been a human weakness, historically proven. In point of fact, have we not had an Empire since the 14th amendment? Not one in name, but what else is wanting? Flunkies would sniff their noses and raise their bristles on being told they favored an Empire, but they have not only established, but strenuously maintained, all the characteristic features since the 20th of July, 1868, when the effort to make a citizenship of the United States in the Constitution to a citizenship of the States respectively, was finally completed. By popular consent we have lazily, cringing, cowardly, per- haps ignorantly, drifted along in the current of flunkiness, enduring, embracing, adopting their thoughts, ideas and even expressions. Democratic speakers and newspapers flunkily talk of the NATION, as if a fool couldn't see that if we have a nation we have no Federal Government. The Nation is the Empire. The Federal Government is the Republic.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* says that Hon. P. B. Thomson, Jr., has made wise and timely utterances to the effect that the Government is not in any way bound to pay what are known as the rebel war claims now before Congress. Thompson is Chairman of the Committee of the House appointed to classify all pending claims.

HON. E. POLK JOHNSON of the Bowling Green *Intelligencer* will be elected by a rising vote of the House to the clerkship he desires, there being none who are willing to try their mettle with him on the race. We are glad of this as there is not a more deserving Democrat nor a more capable man for the position in the broad Commonwealth.

TO THOSE "good boys," as Stanton of the *Yoncan* calls them, E. G. L. and E. P. J. of the *Intelligencer*, we would say that we had no idea that any one, not even the "Granny" himself would take our squib for anything but a very thin cloak. It was so intended most eminently.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Conductor Napier, an account of whose accident was given last week, died at Bowling Green on Monday.

Col. T. Z. Morrow is spoken of as the candidate of the State for the Circuit Judgeship in this District.

—There will be no free excursion over the Cincinnati Southern but rates will be fixed low on the first regular train.

—The steamer *Borisun*, on her way from Liverpool to New Orleans, sunk, and over 100 of her passengers went down with her.

—Wm. McKee, senior proprietor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, died suddenly at his home on the night of the 19th, of heart disease.

—Collector A. M. Swope, of the 7th District, has received and paid over \$894,735 of revenue for the fiscal year. He is a model officer.

—Louisville has completed her Cotton Compress at a cost of \$30,000. It will press 600 bales a day, and the warehouse has a capacity of 25,000 bales.

—The complete returns from Louisiana show a Democratic majority of 30,751, and an overwhelming majority in favor of the new Constitution, reaching 99,072.

—A bill was introduced in the Virginia Senate to incorporate the Richmond and Southwestern Railway Company, to extend from a point on the Southern boundary line of Kentucky, through the city of Richmond to Tidewater in the State of Virginia. It is said the incorporators propose to expend \$50,000,000 in the construction of the road and the development of the mineral and other resources of the Southern portion of Virginia.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

—*Engleman's Mill*.—Miss Carrie Harlan has been quite sick several days with fever.

—Mr. Sam. Miller, Jr., has rented his blacksmith shop for the ensuing year to Tom Cecil, Jr., for \$200 cash.

—Farmers are getting a little uneasy about their corn spoiling in the crib. They say that corn being damp when cribbed the continued wet weather will cause it to mold.

—The little folks made as much fuss over the coming of Santa Claus as the Rads did over their savior, Grant.

—Some of our bachelors are regretting very much that leap year is so close at hand. They don't want to be annoyed by the fair sex.

—There is a young gentleman in this neighborhood, that is dangerously ill with Missouri fever. Unless a change takes place he can't live long.

—Several young ladies are expected to spend the holidays in this vicinity. We will not mention any names before they come, for fear they might decline the idea of coming.

—We are having an abundance of rain. The whole face of the earth is one vast sheet of water. Hanging Fork has been on a high for more than a week. Mud is shoe-sole deep, and still rising.

—We are told that Mr. Buckner Adams and family will move near Hustonville, the 1st of January next, to the farm lately purchased by Mr. Green Bright. We regret to give them up, but what is our loss will be Hustonville's gain. We can commend them to the citizens of Hustonville and vicinity.

CASEY COUNTY.

—*Middleburg*.—Santa Claus is expected to pass through—Rev. R. H. Horvath's school will close to-day.

—Rev. Mr. Thompson preached Sunday morning and night, at the M. E. Church. The Baptist Church is still without a pastor.

—Mr. R. S. Portman and family are making preparations for moving to Texas. They will start about the 10th of January in this vicinity Wednesday night, scattering his gifts with a free and liberal hand.

—MARRIED—On 21st inst., by Rev. Robert Elder, Mr. Stephen Goodman to Miss Mary E. Eades. On the 24th inst., by Rev. J. L. Weeks, Mr. William Stephenson, of Crab Orchard, to Miss Martha H. Lucas, of Middleburg.

—Prof. W. A. Williamson's 2d class in Penmanship and Book-keeping, closed last Friday evening. Notwithstanding the rain, at an early hour the Masonic Hall was crowded with spectators. We were very pleasantly entertained by an interesting lecture on Penmanship and Book-keeping by Prof. Williamson, and the Middleburg String Band. His system is simple and easy of comprehension. The students made rapid progress and are anxious to enter upon the third term, which will commence January 5th, 1880.

—PERSONAL—Mr. James Carson, late Surveyor of Casey County, is very sick with pneumonia, not likely to recover. Mr. J. K. Poteet is lying low with remittent fever. Mr. Jacob Dorn is quite sick. Dr. C. D. Dil, of Indiana, is visiting relatives in Middleburg. Mr. C. P. Jones is visiting friends and relatives at Glasgow, Ky. Misses Bettie Royalty and Mattie McAninch have returned home after a week's visit to Danville, Ky.

GARRARD COUNTY.

Leicester.

Of persons we might look up a score. So many are moving hither and thither to spend Christmas, college boys and school girls coming home, &c., &c.

—On next Sunday the dedication of the new Presbyterian Church will take place, the Rev. J. Lapsley McKee and other divines officiating. The building is a handsome specimen of pure Gothic architecture. Outside it is attractive, compact and well-proportioned. The spire is the main point of triumphal skill. The bell is sweet and resonant. Within the vestibule a stairway leads to the organ loft. The cushions and carpet of the interior are crimson, the pews of tastefully-grained ash, the walls white, the vaulted roof white and blue. Gothic chairs stand behind the reading desk. The large chandelier depends from the centre of the ceiling and double bracket lamps light the walls. There are two furnaces which heat both church and basement. Two organs serve for church and Sunday school respectively. The basement is light and comfortable.

MARRIED—On Thursday evening Dec. 18, at the residence of Mr. Russell Harris, on Sugar Creek, Miss Pattie Harris to Mr. Simeon Anderson, only son of Mr. Thos. Anderson, of this community. Elder Gibson officiated. On Friday evening the youthful bridegroom, an only child, celebrated his twentieth birthday in an elegant reception at his father's home. Four generations of the family were present, beginning with the venerable Mr. and Mrs. Allan Hermon, and including the sturdy little boys of Mrs. Annie Anderson Young. The apartments of the hospitable home were the trailing evergreen symbols of matrimony, while in the wide space over the parlor mantle were the significant words: "Our Daughter" in large letters. Not a son given but a daughter gained. The bride wore a handsome silk, and the guests were all in wedding garments. The supper was profuse and elegant in all its appointments.

—Messrs. Bradley and Dunlap, Sr., of this place have been employed at Richmond in the case of the Commonwealth vs. James H. Arnold for the killing of Robert E. Little on Friday last. In addition the following counsel have been employed, viz: Messrs. P. B. Thompson, Sr., J. B. Houston, W. C. P. Breck, Loring, C. and A. R. Burnam and G. W. McCawley. After consultation at Richmond on Tuesday it was decided to defer the preliminary trial till time might soothe the popular mind into a more unbiased state of feeling. Bal being certainly unattainable Arnold was committed to a cell, and his wife who has been constantly present was separated from him. He has an elegant dry goods house in Richmond, his seven clerks finding it difficult to serve the continual rush of customers. In one brief moment he has imperiled all that is dear, and must, through many weary days, await the consequences.

—Announcements are crowding upon us as Santa Claus jingles his bells. How he can get here without any snow is a matter of great speculation among the little folks. Perhaps the "spirit of the food" may yet yield to the "spirit of the fell" if the present strong wind be not washed out by the rain. The young people have a Literary Club which has deserved mention long since, only not being in the charmed circle. I failed to find out the presiding officers. Mrs. Grady's concert at Franklin Institute are favorably discussed by our *Argus*, our village paper. On Tuesday night the

ladies of the Baptist Church gave a supper at the hall, the proceeds to infuse their pastor's pockets. The congregation being rather small the salary business falls heavily on the few who contribute. On Wednesday night the Presbyterian congregation had a Christmas tree and supper at the hall. All children were invited to come, and the citizens generally asked to place gifts on the tree, which was in charge of Mrs. Albright.

—Christmas gift to the noble staff that compose the INTERIOR JOURNAL's literary force. I deserted ye last week, but perhaps I was intimidated—afraid to join the clan after shaking hands with our "American Cousin," Ulises! Really, it was not so bad after all from a personal standpoint—I mean the big ball, the dragged flags, the dripping festoons, the splashing streets, the military parade, the grand music, the general air of excitement that pervaded the Falls City. It was not so bad, I repeat, to a "home female" from the country. How pleasant the greeting of distinguished friends, the getting on one's Sunday attire, the lights, the sounds, the fragrance of exotics, the glamour of the bon monde. What matter who the "conquering hero" that set the people crazy, so long as a few non-political citizens drank deep draughts of pleasure! Whether the "greatest leader since the Corsican" or the "spiked heel ruffian"! So if my exceedingly late comers are still pointing over my defection let them smile awhile as they think what a very good time I had of my week's holiday. Mr. Grant looked as stolid and uncongenial in the midst of the dress parade as a lone rock in mid-ocean.

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PELASKI COUNTY.

Somerset.

—Christmas gift to the noble staff that compose the INTERIOR JOURNAL's literary force. I deserted ye last week, but perhaps I was intimidated—afraid to join the clan after shaking hands with our "American Cousin," Ulises! Really, it was not so bad after all from a personal standpoint—I mean the big ball, the dragged flags, the dripping festoons, the splashing streets, the military parade, the grand music, the general air of excitement that pervaded the Falls City. It was not so bad, I repeat, to a "home female" from the country. How pleasant the greeting of distinguished friends, the getting on one's Sunday attire, the lights, the sounds, the fragrance of exotics, the glamour of the bon monde. What matter who the "conquering hero" that set the people crazy, so long as a few non-political citizens drank deep draughts of pleasure! Whether the "greatest leader since the Corsican" or the "spiked heel ruffian"! So if my exceedingly late comers are still pointing over my defection let them smile awhile as they think what a very good time I had of my week's holiday. Mr. Grant looked as stolid and uncongenial in the midst of the dress parade as a lone rock in mid-ocean.

—The Mite Society met in mask last Tuesday night.

—A Masonic hon for the 25th at the Hall, is now talked of.

M'ALISTER & LYTLE,

—DEALERS IN—

**Dry Goods, Notions,
Furnishing Goods,
Carpets, Trunks,
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.**

DRESS GOODS.

We have an immense stock for you to select from in Black and Colored All-Wool Cashmere, Alpaca, Australian Crape, Broadened Poplins, Momic Cloth, French Novelty, Cotton Poplins, Gingham, &c. Also a fine line of Dress Trimmings in Velvet, Satin, Pekin, Colored and Black Silk, Ribbons, Fringes, Buttons, &c.

DOMESTICS.

We call especial attention to our stock of Bleached and Brown Cotton, Sheeting, Bed-Ticking and Prints. As it is a well established fact that these goods will be higher later in the season, you should lose no time in buying.

LACE CURTAINS.

Having bought our stock of Lace Curtains in advance of the season, we are therefore enabled to offer them at old prices, which are 20 per cent. less than the market value will be later in the season. A new stock of Fringed Window Shades, Gilt-Band Shades and Holland in popular colors.

CARPETS & OIL CLOTH.

These goods are entirely new. This being a new department, we have made a great effort to place before our customers a large and varied line at lowest prices.

BOOTS & SHOES.

For Men, Women and Children. Only one trial necessary to convince you of their real value. Every pair warranted.

Call and see our stock before you buy. Very Respectfully,

McALISTER & LYTLE.

A Happy New Year

TO ONE AND ALL.

Thanking the People in general for their liberal patronage for what time we've been with them, we will say that they will find us at our old Stand always ready and willing to wait on them, with a Full and Complete Line of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

ALSO, SADDLERY & HARNESS.

We also handle Fresh Meats in their season. Fish and Oysters received daily.

Give us a call. Produce of every kind taken in exchange for Goods at the highest prices, as we only want to make one profit.

Respectfully,

HARRIS & NUNNELLEY.

OUR EIGHT-PAGE HOLIDAY NUMBER.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, December 26, 1879.

LINCOLN'S COURT-HOUSE.

An Interesting History of It, and Other Old-Time Notes worthy of a Careful Perusal.

BY JOHN BLAIN.

Editor Interior Journal:

At the risk of being ridiculed for showing on the back track I propose to give the readers of your Christmas paper a faint picture of old times in Lincoln county, made up of gleanings from the records of the County Clerk's office. Not being an accomplished artist and having rather a dry subject to practice on at present, I cannot promise a very brilliant or very pleasing picture, but I do claim for it the merit of truthfulness, it being derived from records made by virtuous men setting under their solemn oaths a long time ago—doubtless before lying came in fashion.

HISTORY OF THE COUNTY SEAT.

The first Court held for Lincoln county, sat at Harrodsburg, on the 16th and 17th days of January, 1781, and was composed of five Justices of the Peace, namely: Benjamin Logan, John Logan, Hugh McGary, Stephen Trigg and Wm. McBride. At that term the Court, after organizing its members administering to each other the oath of office, and choosing William May as its Clerk, proceeded to business, which consisted mainly of qualifying a Sheriff, a Surveyor and his numerous deputies, some few additional Justices, appointing a number of Constables, administering the oath of allegiance and the oath of office to several militia officers and recommending quite a number of chivalrous gentlemen to the Governor of Virginia for appointment to militia offices. The last order of the term is in these words:

"The Court doth appoint this to be the place of Holding the next Court at and agree that they will then proceed to fix upon a place for holding Courts, and the absent members to be served with a copy of this order."

On the 20th of February, 1781, the Court re-assembled and continued in session two days. Making the customary County Court orders, such as granting letters of administration, probating wills, appointing administrators, &c., &c., varying the monotonous, however, by sentencing one Patrick Irby for some rascality which is not specified, "to receive ten lashes on his bare back." Just before adjournment, the following orders were entered:

"Benjamin Logan came into Court and offered Ten Acres of Land including the Buffalo Spring for building a Court House and other necessary public buildings, and also Fifty Acres at one mile distant nearly South-East from said Spring, as long as the Court of said county shall continue there, and as it appears to the Court to be the most convenient place, it is ordered that the Courts be held there for the future."

"Ordered that the Court be adjourned from Harrodsburg to St. Asaph, to be held there the next Court in June."

The next term was held—presumably at St. Asaph, wherever that was—on the 17th and 18th of April, 1781, at which, among others, this order was made:

"John Logan and William Montgomery are appointed to contract with any persons who will undertake the building of a Court House and prison at the Buffalo Spring, at St. Asaph."

I have taken the trouble to quote these orders for the purpose of throwing some light upon the oft-mooted question, "Where is, or was, St. Asaph?" There is no question as to the locality of the Buffalo Spring. That is admitted by all to be the spring which issues from the foot of the hill on which the Stanford Cemetery is situated on its North-side, just at the branch. That branch which is the same which passes through the town limits from East to West, commonly called now the "Town Branch," is, according to the record, "St. Asaph Branch." But where is the place called St. Asaph, and what is it, or was it? The expression, "at the Buffalo Spring at St. Asaph," seems to me to indicate that there was a little village or a small assemblage of habitations about the Buffalo Spring which had taken the name of St. Asaph. Precisely where it was does not appear from any record I can find. Logan's Fort, on the site of which Mrs. E. T. Rochester's dwelling now stands, is quite near to the Spring, but if the Court had adjourned to Logan's Fort the order would doubtless have been so written instead of St. Asaph. It seems more reasonable from the evidence we have that the group of houses in the vicinity of the Spring, including the Fort, were known as St. Asaphs. As to how the name originated, I am unable to reveal. If there be any who desire further particulars, I would refer them to Capt. Tom Richards of St. Asaph Hotel, who being an early settler, was doubtless well acquainted with the original St. Asaph himself, and perhaps, related to him.

So it appears that the seat of justice was removed in 1781, from Harrodsburg to St. Asaph, and that a Court House and prison were there erected, and that the Courts continued to be held there until April 17th, 1787, when a removal to Stanford, took place. The record shows that not only the Court, but the Court-house and "Goal" were removed to Stanford. Though no description is given of the buildings, the inference from the fact that they were removed from the one place to the other, is, that they were constructed of logs, and this inference is strengthened by the reflection that logs were peculiarly handy at that early day—being rather a wooden age, and this being pre-eminently a wooden country. It is proper to mention in this connection that in March 1786—

about one year before the removal of the Court-house—Benjamin Logan deeded to the Court, 26 acres of land on St. Asaph Branch, the boundary of which is explicitly given in the deed, and which is the same on which the greater portion of the town now stands.

So far as the record indicates, our granddaddy remained satisfied with their log Court-house until the year 1803, when they decided to have one of more aristocratic pretensions, and accordingly a plan and specifications for a brick house were agreed upon, and the contracts made for its erection. This occurred at the October term, 1803. The plan and specifications (which are well drawn so far as clearness is concerned, though not so artistically as those of H. P. McDonald,) are on file in the Clerk's office, together with the contracts with the builders, James Ely and Joseph F. Lewis. The house was to be 38 feet from East to West, and 30 feet from North to South, and two stories high. The first floor was to be partly laid with brick—22 feet of it at the East-end—the rest with plank. There was to be but one room on the first floor and four on the second. Of the latter, 3 were for Jury rooms and the 4th for the Clerk's office. James Ely undertook the carpenter's work at the price of £208-17s-6d. or \$1,000; and Lewis took the contract for the brick work at \$306, or \$1,018. Whether or not these "undertakers," as they were called, were to furnish the material, such as brick, lumber, &c., does not appear.

This house seems to have given satisfaction for about 30 years, when the question of danger to the population from its sudden dilapidation was agitated in Court, which resulted in a determination in the year 1832, to erect a new one, and a Committee, consisting of Thos. Helm, John B. Camden, Michael Davidson, John McRoberts and William Shanks, was appointed to devise a plan for the proposed building, and to let out its erection to the lowest bidder, &c. From some cause this project "hung fire" so that the plan for the house was not reported and agreed upon until the February term, 1834, at which time it was decided to build a house 56 feet long 30 feet wide. This being the Court-house as it now is, except the additions and modifications made a few years ago. A further description of it here would be rather uninteresting for Christmas reading—so it is omitted. The house was completed and received by the Court in the year 1836; and this finishes the chapter on the County Seat.

THE SQUIRES.

It must be understood that there were many other Justices in the county in the early times referred to, besides those whose names have been mentioned, now ones having been appointed from time to time by the Governor of Virginia, upon the recommendation of the Court. Among these may be mentioned, John Bowman, John Cowan, John Kennedy, Wm. Craig, Abraham Bowman, Isaac Shelby (afterwards Governor of Kentucky,) John Snoddy, Christopher Irvine, William Montgomery, Hugh Logan, Alexander Blain, James Davis, Walker Baylor, and others. Whether there were any Scallagaws among them we can't see at this distance; but judging from the tracks they left on the record, and taking into consideration the embarrassments, difficulties and perils of their situation, we are bound to conclude that some of them, at least, were not only level-headed and clear-headed men, but men of the noblest impulses, and the most unflinching courage and determination. I do not feel authorized nor disposed to draw any invidious distinction between these old patriarchs, but in my hasty examination of the records, I could not overlook some striking proof of the spiritedness, patriotism and generosity of Colonel Benjamin Logan. In 1781, having been commissioned by the Governor, a Colonel of Militia, he came into Court and refused to qualify, assigning as his reason "that he was entitled to a higher rank." No doubt he was. Again, in 1786, as has been stated, he deeded to the public the 26 acres of land on which Stanford was built, having previously given 10 acres at the Buffalo Spring for public purposes. Afterwards, in 1803, he, with others subscribed liberally of his own private funds to pay for the new Court-house then built. But the strongest testimony in proof of his bravery and patriotism, is couched in the following order of Court which was entered at its July term, 1786:

"Satisfactory proof being made to the Court that Col. Benjamin Logan and Jas. Harrod were employed twenty days with each of them a horse to ride and one pack horse in transporting a quantity of lead from the long Island of Holston to the Kentucky Country for its defence in the year 1776, it is the opinion of the Court that the said Benjamin and James be allowed Twenty two pounds for their said services."

I endorse "the opinion of the Court." Seventy-three dollars was little enough for that job under the ticklish circumstances attending its performance.

DANIEL BOONE.

The records show that Daniel Boone, the veritable bear-killer himself, honored our County Court more than once with his presence. The first time was in August, 1783, when the following order was made in his favor:

"Thomas Allen and Samuel Grant the persons appointed to examine Daniel Boone having reported that he is able and qualified to execute the office of Deputy Surveyor of this County the said Boone had the oath of office administered to him."

The next notice I see of Daniel he appears as a plaintiff in a suit against one Thomas Jamison for 5 pounds, 5 shillings and 8 pence. Daniel "beat" him.

TOBACCO A LEGAL TENDER.

In the good old times of which I am discussing the staple production of the "Kentucky Country" was tobacco. Every body raised it and every body "chawed" it—it indeed it was so popular a commodity that it was substituted for money. It may be that the scarcity of pounds, shillings and pence had something to do with the

adoption of this rather cumbersome currency—the records don't tell about that—but they do proclaim that the officers' salaries and the claims of all others against the county were reckoned and paid in tobacco. At a Court held in Nov. 1784, for the purpose of "laying the County Levy" the indebtedness of the County being summed up, was ascertained to be 25,299 pounds of tobacco, of which 1259 pounds was to pay the salary of the Commonwealth's Attorney and 1648 pounds to pay that of Willis Green, Clerk of the Court, and 2450 pounds was to pay different persons for "wolves' heads"—the rate being 400 pounds for an old wolf's and 50 lbs. for a young one's. The levy imposed to meet these liabilities was 12 pounds of tobacco per tithe or poll, as we call it. By the way, what would our capitalists, who whine so much about the burdensomeness of the silver dollar, have to say about tobacco in bulk as a legal tender. Wouldn't they move to denounce it?

ORDINARIES.

There were no Hotels nor even Taverns in the times I am writing about. Such establishments were called "ordinaries," and were licensed by the Court as they are now, and their rates of charges were prescribed for them as they still are. Ordinaries would not be an inappropriate designation for some of the Hotels of the present day, would it? As a matter of history, and as a sample of the plain speaking of our ancestors, I here copy the "Ordinary" rates as prescribed by the Court in 1784:

Wine per Quart.....	E. S. D.
West India Rum per Gal.....	0 8 0
Whiskey full proof per Gal.....	0 42 0
Common Whiskey per Gal.....	0 10 0
For a warm dinner.....	0 1 0
For a cold dinner.....	0 1 0
For a night's lodging on a feathered bed.....	0 1 0
For a night's lodging in a chamber with clean sheets.....	0 0 6
Room today per quart.....	0 2 0

The price of a night's lodging with dirty sheets not being given, my guess is, that dirty beds were "agin the law" in the good old days of wolves, Indians and tobacco currency.

THE TOWN OF STANFORD.

The precise date of the incorporation of this venerable city I could not ascertain, the volumes of the Acts of Assembly containing it not being in the office library. It may have been about the year 1786, however, as in that year the Court decided to remove the Court House to the "town of Stanford," which is the first instance of such a town being mentioned in the records. But the first mention of Trustees of the town occurs in a deed dated in 1798 from Isaac Shelby, John Logan and Hugh Logan, Justices of the Peace, to the Trustees, conveying to them the 26 acres which, as the deed recites, had been conveyed to them (the Justices,) by Benj. Logan, "for the purpose of erecting and establishing a town thereon."

On the 1st of March, 1803, a plat of the Town of Stanford "was received into the Clerk's office and admitted to record," so says the Clerk. The document is simply a plat or diagram of the town, showing the position and form of the many lots and their respective numbers, and the location of the streets, without any written description of boundaries, &c. After that the town lots were sold and conveyed from time to time to citizens by the Trustees, the first two conveyances of that sort being one to Jacob Swepe, and one to Jno. and Thos. Welch, which are dated August 19, 1811. These deeds are signed by George Davidson, John T. Bell, Thomas Montgomery, John McRoberts, Geo. McRoberts and David Logan, as Trustees of Stanford. Whether they were the original incorporators of the town I was unable to ascertain, for the reason already mentioned. Why no deeds were made by the Trustees for lots until the year 1811—11 years after they obtained their title—I can not explain from the record.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am tired, and I know you think I am tiresome, as well, I begin to doubt if I have a genius for history any how. At all events, this, my first effort (and it shall be the last,) in that role has worn me out. If the Gibbonses and Rollinses had as hard a time with their histories as I've had with my first chapter, they have my heartfelt sympathy. I am done.

Christmas, 1879.

A Query from a Republican Source.

How is that Henry Watterson, editor of the Courier-Journal, who three years ago denounced General Grant and his Cabinet as "thieves, rogues and scoundrels and a conclave of traitors plotting treason against our common country," would have, on the 10th, that "chief of traitors" General Grant take supper at his house and be the guest of his family's hospitality? Thus introducing into the bosom of his family to be honored and emulated by his children, the very man he so recently denounced as a villain and scoundrel who was unworthy of the countenance of an honest man. Where is the consistency? What are his motives.—[Mountain Echo.

The year 1850 has been indicated as the proper time to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the publication of Wyckliffe's translation of the Bible. That year the New Testament was published, although the complete Bible did not appear until a somewhat later date. Wyckliffe's translation was the first copy of the entire Bible that appeared in the English language.

"Men often jump at conclusions," says the proverb. So do dogs. One recently jumped at the conclusion of a cat, which was sticking through the opening of a partly-closed door, and it created a great disturbance.

Prettier than a picture—the original of it—some times.

STANFORD MERCHANTS.

A Mention of Those Who are Not Ashamed of What They Have to Sell.

Harris & Nunnelley.

This firm is composed of J. T. Harris and Anderson T. Nunnelley, and has been doing business here for about a year. They deal in nearly everything in the grocery and provision line, and will buy or barter anything from a pound of old bones to the finest or fattest steer or mule. They also keep a stock of saddlery and a repairing shop is connected with the establishment. They are fully up to the times, and are honest and fair dealers.

Osley & Higgins.

Messrs. Asker Osley and W. H. Higgins compose this firm, which is in all respects a most reliable and liberal one. Mr. Osley has been in the grocery and hardware business for ten years, and is thoroughly conversant with the wants of the trade, and while Mr. Higgins has not had so long an experience he has made good use of his time, which, combined with his popularity, makes him a valuable partner. Their stock includes nearly everything in the grocery, hardware, stoves, tinware and farming implement line, all of which is marked down to the lowest possible margin.

McAlister & Lytle.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Carpets, &c., have an unusually varied and handsome stock. The firm is composed of Joseph McAlister and Robt. S. Lytle. The greater part of the management of the store devolves on Mr. Lytle, whose long experience in this line of goods has given him a peculiar fitness for it. Besides Mr. Lytle whose smiling countenance is ever ready to greet a patron, there are two salesmen, Messrs. E. P. Osley and Wm. Bright, who are as polite as dancing masters, and as clever as they are polite. We recommend the firm of McAlister & Lytle with a great deal of pleasure.

Geo. D. Wearen.

An example of what enterprise and determination will do, is ably illustrated in the case of this gentleman. When he was fourteen years old he suffered a severe attack of typhoid fever which left him a cripple, and rendered him unable to prosecute the more vigorous callings of life, and in his 16th year he procured a situation as Deputy in the County Clerk's office. He retained this office for several years, and then took a notion to run for Circuit Clerk, and he got away with all his savings from his salary, but it was the best thing that could have happened for him. He then clerked a while for \$40 per month, and on November 30, 1880, he opened a little grocery store in the little brick now occupied by Mr. Alford, having but \$425 of his own and a small amount borrowed from a friend. By close application to business he was soon able to return the borrowed money, and after three years he purchased the building, a portion of which is now occupied by his brother as an undertaker. There he carried on his business till 1875, when, by his steady accumulations, he was able to buy the lot on the corner of Main and Depot streets. On this lot he erected a large brick building with three store rooms on Main street, two of which he now occupies with his mammoth stock of groceries, provisions, hardware—but see his advertisement for further particulars. Starting out a poor boy and a cripple at that, he has worked himself to an honored position in the mercantile world, and his name is a household word for miles around. He is liberal in his dealings, believes in printer's ink, and has made himself an honor to the town.

John Randolph, the great Virginia Statesman, permitted his mind likely against his best judgment, to yield to the infidelity common with many of Virginia's great men of his time. On his death bed he asked his attendant to hand him a dictionary. He had just strength enough to turn over the pages, with his long skeleton finger he pointed to the word REMORSE as he handed back the book, turned his face to the wall and soon passed away to render an account of the talents entrusted to his use and keeping.

A SHREWD DARKEY.—"Dat culled pussen on the jury, him's de man I object to," said a negro when put on trial in the Marion (S. C.) court the other day. The black good man and true was unseated and the prisoner given acquittal. After his release the darkey was asked what he had against the jurymen of his own color. "Nuffin at all boss," said he, "but you see, I knowed if I flattered the prejudice ob de odder jurymen, dat I got off an' golly I did."

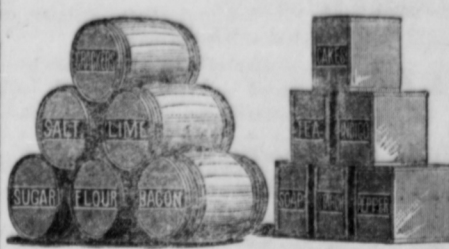
We have the girl of the. If you would—her call early; she has no [Editors should not approach with a—, as she might look f at a fellow, or make him see *; but as ical visits may excite Sal jealousy, we enjoy great caution. Use your \$8 freely, and make the ?? pointed, heed not her !!, but get a & decisive answer. She may say, "put him on the der and give an ' to autumn."

If the families of drunkards average five persons, it carries untold misery and wretchedness to more than 1,500,000 people, a large portion of whom are children. It sends 200,000 to the almshouse every year.

Dutch cockle is a new enemy to wheat. It resembles cockle, springs up with and smother the grain, and is particularly troublesome in North Carolina.

GEO. D. WEAREN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in



**Staple & Fancy
Groceries,
PROVISIONS,
SEED, GRAIN,
Salt, Lime, Cement,
&c., &c.**

HARDWARE

Of Every Description.

—EMBRACING ALL KINDS OF—

Blacksmith Tools and Material!



WAGON AND CARRIAGE MATERIAL.

**Wheels, Spokes, Shafts,
Felloes, Springs, Axles,
Fifth Wheels, Arms, Bolts,
&c., &c.**

Carpenters' Tools,

Builders' Hardware,

Locks, Hinges,

Screws, Bolts,

Nails, etc.



COOKING STOVES, HEATING STOVES, GRATES, MANTELS, AND TINWARE.

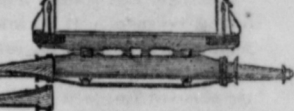
Roofing and Guttering and Repairing under the Supervision of a Practical Tinner.

THE WEBSTER WAGON.

In Agricultural Implements, I handle none but those that are the most popular and those that have been thoroughly tested. The Webster Wagon, with the Truss-Rod Axle Attachment, is my Special Favorite. No other Wagon, save one, can claim this one WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT.

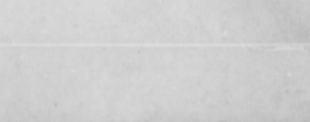
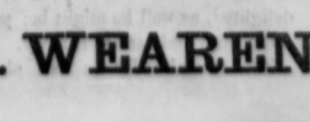
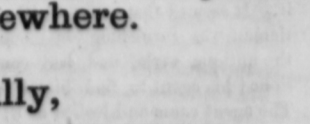
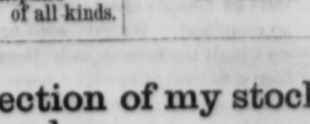
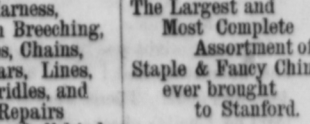
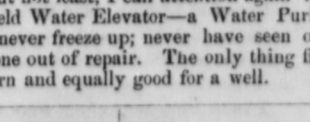
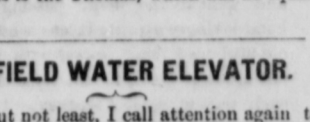
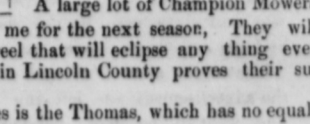
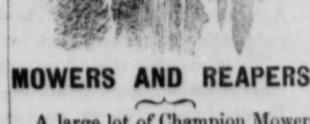


I have sold about forty of these Wagons in the last ninety days. Broken Axles a thing unknown.



OLIVER CHILLED PLOW.

Sole Agents, in Lincoln County, for the well-known and only genuine Oliver Chilled Plow. Over 150 now in use in Lincoln County and not a farmer displeased that has one of them. Turns more land and draws lighter than any plow made.



All I ask is an inspection of my stock before buying elsewhere.

Very Respectfully,

GEO. D. WEAREN.

It was the last week of the year when, one morning, I read aloud the advertisement:

"WANTED.—To buy an antique desk. A liberal price will be paid for one satisfactory in every respect."

"Oh, Lucie!" I cried, "this is your chance. You can now retrieve your fallen fortune." And I tossed the newspaper across the breakfast table.

Lucie read the advertisement again and looked over, with a sigh, to where, between the windows, an old desk, such as the newspaper described, occupied the post of honor.

"I should feel as if I were selling my grandmothers' bones," she said, decisively.

"Well," I began, "I don't believe your grandmother would blame you if she knew—"

Here Ruth stopped me with a look, and began telling something that happened in the store that day. Ruth was saleslady in the clock department in one of our great city establishments. I taught school, and Lucie had been the French instructor in a young ladies' academy. We kept house together, until quite recently, in two rooms, in the third story of a New York house. We had our own furniture and cooked our own meals over a little gas stove. To girls who had been motherless from childhood and to whom the word "home" was a word with no meaning, such a life was very pleasant.

Lucie was a dark-eyed, graceful, French girl, who had once seen better days, though she was quite reticent, except to us, about it. She was so innocent and beautiful that Ruth and I loved and guarded her as if she had been our younger sister. Ruth was sturdy, independent and New England born, and so true-hearted and brave that we looked up to her in everything and felt safe under her protection. As for me, I was Mollie, born, tempered, but capable of deep feeling, said, the war had ruined the fortunes of my family and my life had been full of hardships since.

I do not think three girls could have been more unlike. And yet we led a very tranquil, happy life, until a month or two before the evening of which I write, when a cloud had appeared on our horizon.

That night Lucie came to me flushed and indignant. It took but little questioning to discover the cause. The assistant principal of the school had annoyed Lucie with his attentions, and her studied avoidance of him did not seem to make any difference. He dogged her, wrote her notes and sent her flowers till the poor girl was nearly crazy. At last, unable to endure it any longer, she had refused him peremptorily. Two days later she received her dismissal, and that, too, without a recommendation.

"Never mind," said Ruth, encouragingly, "you need rest, and Mollie and I need a house-keeper. This is your home, you know."

The girls' dark eyes filled with tears.

"You are very kind," she sobbed out, "but ah! it is this that makes me think of the old days in France, when grandma was alive. We lived in the country, you know, and in such a beautiful little chateau. And the neighbors were so kind, especially those in the next place. Ah! what pleasant days I had," she added, recalling it with a sigh, "playing in the meadows with their son, Henri; and what pretty fetes they gave! But then grandma lost her fortune, and she was too proud to stay where she was known, and so she came out to America, and died. You know the rest. Oh, you are very kind."

We tried after this to get her another situation, but were unsuccessful. Finally I found two of my scholars, who wanted to take French lessons, and this kept her hopes.

That night after I showed Lucie the advertisement she left the table and went to the desk, passing her hand lovingly over it. It was a quaint, old-fashioned thing, inlaid with different kinds of wood, in the style of the early part of the last century. It had belonged to Lucie's grandmother and to the family before, and was the only relic she possessed of her happy childhood in France.

I knew what her feelings were when I suggested the idea of selling it, but I knew still better that she needed the money sorely. There was an unpaid doctor's bill that haunted her and which Ruth and I dare not pay, because of her pride.

The next night was New Year's eve, and when Ruth and I came home the desk was gone. There were traces of tears on Lucie's cheeks, but she made no complaint. We said nothing, but we felt all the evening as if there had been a funeral in our little home.

The next day Lucie told us about it. It seemed that some wealthy gentleman was furnishing his house in the antique style, and had commissioned his agent to find him a desk. The agent came and looked at it; was delighted, as well he might be; paid a large sum, and carried it away.

That evening Lucie sat playing

A Quadrupedal Invasion.

At uncertain and distant intervals of time many of the northern parts of Europe, such as Lapland, Norway and Sweden, are subjected to a strange invasion. Hundreds of little dark, mouse-like animals sweep over the land like clouds of locusts changed into quadrupeds, coming from some unknown home, and going no one knows whither. These creatures are the lemmings, and their sudden appearances are so entirely mysterious that Norwegians look upon them as having been rained from the clouds upon the earth.

Driven onward by some overpowering instinct, these vast hordes travel in a straight line, permitting nothing but a smooth, perpendicular wall or rock to turn them from their course. If they should happen to meet with any living being, they immediately attack, knowing no fear, but only urged by indiscriminating rage. Any river or lake they swim without hesitation, and rather seem to enjoy the water than to fear it. If a stack or corn-rick should stand in their way, they settle the matter by eating their way through it, and will not be turned from their direct course even by fire. The country over which they pass is utterly devastated by them, and it is said that cattle will not touch the grass on which a lemming has trodden.

These migrating hosts are accompanied by clouds of predaceous birds and by many predaceous quadrupeds, which find a continual feast spread for them as long as the lemmings are on their pilgrimage. While they are crossing the rivers and lakes the fish come in for their share of the banquet, and make great havoc among their columns. It is a very remarkable fact that the reindeer is often seen in chase of the lemmings, and the Norwegians say that the deer is in the habit of eating them. This statement, however, seems to be rather of a doubtful character. The termination of these extraordinary migrations is the sea, where the survivors of the much-reduced ranks finally perish.

Mr. Lloyd mentions that just before his visit to Werneland the lemmings had overrun the whole country. The primary cause of these strange migrations is generally thought to be hunger. It is fortunate for the country that these razas only occur at rare intervals, a space of some ten or fifteen years generally elapsing between them, as if to fill up the places of those which were drowned or otherwise killed in the preceding migration.

A Chapter of Horrors.

While traveling through Switzerland a few days ago with his wife, a physician, resident of Gratz, witnessed at a small railroad station within the Helvetian frontier, a truly tragic and thrilling episode of domestic life, which he has imparted to the leading journal of his native town.

A young doctor recently appointed to the post of Town Physician in the Swiss town, which became the scene of the tragedy, had for some years past carried on a liaison with a married lady. Shortly after his appointment, however, he contracted a matrimonial alliance with a young lady of respectable family, and was just starting upon his wedding trip with his bride when his former mistress appeared in the station, and flung herself down upon the rails as train commenced to move. The engine passed over the body, mangleing it horribly, and the bridegroom was summoned in his medical capacity to the spot where the unfortunate woman's mutilated remains had been deposited. Unnerved by the terrible sight, he uttered a loud cry and fell upon the platform in a state of insensibility. Some of the bystanders acquainted his bride with the cause of the suicide committed almost before her eyes, whereupon she turned with loathing from the senseless form of her husband, and at once went back to her father's house, leaving Dr. — to the indignation of the crowd assembled in the railroad station. A spirited endeavor was made to lynch him, from which he was rescued with great difficulty by the police and station officials. To complete the horrors of this dismal story, the husband of the unfortunate lady who perished under the wheels of the locomotive went raving mad upon hearing of her awful death, and is at present the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

Greenup Independent: A young man obtained a marriage license the other day to wed the daughter of the wife of his brother. He is now married, and his brother is his father-in-law, and his brother's wife is his sister-in-law and mother-in-law, and will be the grandmother of his children. His wife is the sister-in-law of her own mother and the children of her mother by the present husband are half brothers and sisters, and will be the cousins, and uncles of her children. Won't it be preposterous perplexing to teach the little ones to "lip Cousin Uncle Sam."

Female Extravagance.

A French peasant halts before the showcase of a photographer and gazes upon a reproduction of Rauch's famous group of "The three Graces."

"Oh, those women—those women," sighs the honest man; "they were too poor to buy a stitch of clothing, but they could find the money to get their pictures taken!"

A Hot Water River.

The projector of the Sutor Tunnel is of the opinion that the hot water which is so troublesome in the Comstock mines comes from a depth of ten or fifteen thousand feet, where the rocks are at a high temperature; and that there must be some connection between the water of the Comstock lode and that of the boiling springs at Steamboat, six or seven miles distant.

One of the great advantages of the tunnel is means it affords for draining the mines. The tunnel discharges about twelve thousand tons of water every twenty-four hours. To lift this water to the surface would cost not less than \$3,000 a day. Some of the water all the water mingles; four miles from the mouth of the tunnel the temperature ranges from 130° to 135°.

If left to flow through the open tunnel the water would soon fill the air with steam as to make the tunnel impassable.

In flowing the four miles in a tight flume made of 3 in. yellow pine, the water loses but 7° of heat. At the mouth of the tunnel the water is conducted sixty feet down a shaft to a water wheel in the machine shop, whence it is carried off by a tunnel eleven hundred feet in length, which serves as a tail race. From this tunnel the water flows a mile and a half to the Carson River.

The large flow of warm water is now used for many purposes, the first to utilize it having been boys who made small ponds to swim in—pioneers, it may be, in establishing a system of warm baths, which may ultimately become a great sanitary resort. The water can also be turned to account in heating hot houses and for irrigation. The tunnel company have a farm of over a thousand acres which, when properly watered, is very fertile. In course of time there will probably be many acres of fruit and vegetables under glass at this point, all warmed and watered by the tunnel water.

Six Months in a Trance.

The young lady who has been lying in a trance at her mother's residence in Norfolk for the past six months, started round her last Monday by suddenly recovering the use of her tongue, and to a certain extent the use of her limbs. This wonderful case was mentioned in the Norfolk papers soon after its existence became known, and ever since its beginning there has been, to all appearances, an almost total suspension of vitality in the sleeper. On last Monday morning, however, as the mother was giving some directions in regard to medicine she was startled to hear the daughter say: "It is of no use." Since that time the young lady, though still weak, and showing no desire to engage in a long conversation, has been able to talk perfectly well. Her attempts to walk, however, are exactly such as would be made by a child, she being only able to take a step or two at a time. She says that, although utterly unable to throw off the state of lethargy that bound her, yet she was thoroughly conscious of everything that was transpiring around her, and can repeat remarks that were made and describe the times when she was moved, although she was to all appearances as lifeless as a log on these occasions. [Norfolk (Va.) Landmark.]

Always Turns Out Right.

When you begin a sensational novel never weep over the troubles of the heroine. In the very first chapter she may be beheaded by a black-hearted villain and be threatened with instant death on every other page and swallow a pint of strychnine in the middle of the book, but she will come out all right in the last chapter and marry Claude Fitzelance Montmorency, who turns out to be another man's son and falls heir to \$2,000,000 by the death of an uncle in Austria, who went out there a year previous a poor man; and the girl's father, who wanted her to marry the villain, will put his hands on their heads and say, "Bless you, my children; and the villain aforesaid will look daggers and things at them, and grit his teeth as he moves off handcuffed in charge of an officer. It always turns out that way. [Norfolk Herald.]

To Clean Ostrich Plumes.

White ones can be cleaned by taking four ounces of white soap, cut it into small pieces, dissolve in four pints of water, rather hot, and make a lather; into this dip the feathers and wash gently with the hands for about ten minutes; rise in hot water and shake until dry. Ostrich tips can be curled by holding them in the steam from water until they are damp, and then drawing each fibre separately over the blade of a blunt knife.

'Twas Sunday morn, and Rev. Jones was breakfasting with Gray. Said Jones: "Another bit of steak, as I have to preach to-day." "Guess I'll have to brace up a little, too," said Gray, his eyes all a glisten; and he helped himself to a hunk of meat—"for you know I have to listen."

Make a composition of 4 lbs. of resin, one pint of linseed oil and one ounce of red lead. Apply it hot with a brush to the place where the L. joins the main house, or for a door or window that leaks, or round chimneys. For making water casks tight it has always proved effectual.

THE "OLD HOUSE"

J. T. WARREN & CO.

64 & 66 W. SECOND ST.

CINCINNATI.

Foreign and Domestic dried and canned Fruits and Vegetables.

Canned, dried and salt Fish.

Pickles, Sauces, Oils and Condiments.

Powders, ground & whole Spices.

Toilet and Laundry Soaps.

Seeds, Jellies, Preserves, Fancy Groceries and Grocers' Sundries.

Stock unparalleled in the West.

SEND FOR OUR "GROCERS' MANUAL."

BOOKS THE MILLION

WOMAN'S

MARRIAGE

THE PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER

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Stock unparalleled in the West.

Electro Medical Batteries

And instruments for physicians and families. Double electric action, portable and simple in construction and capable of giving the current of all degrees of intensity required in medical practice. Price of the battery, \$10.00. Price of the battery, \$10.00. Price of the battery, \$10.00.

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The Mystery of the Pyramids.

In a lecture on the Egyptian Pyramids, in New York last week, Prof. Jas. Wilds made the following reply to the theories advanced by Prof. Proctor:

"A few years ago," he said, "the Pyramid stood a silent enigma, and no scientist dared to touch it. It stands upon a natural bed of rock 130 feet high, and so far several passages have been discovered in it, but it is probable that there are many more. The real door is 49 feet above the base line, although in the ninth century Al Mamoun, an Arab chieftain, dug another passage-way. The original passage-way is on the north side, three hundred inches east of the centre, which is just the tilt of the axis of the earth. Prof. Proctor says that this is an accident. It is too fine a thing to strike in that way, making the axis of the pyramid just the axis of the earth. The north pole star was the guide in the construction of these passages. You ask why scientific men do not go and investigate these curious facts. There are difficulties standing in the way just as there are in seeking the ark in the ruins of Tara. Prof. Smyth the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, spent many months at the Pyramid, and made investigations which cost him \$80,000 out of his own pocket. No doubt the Governments will some day take it up, and make appropriations to send scientists there. The investigations of Prof. Smyth demanded the attention of the world, but Prof. Proctor rejects his discoveries, although Prof. Smyth is a man of more brains and of greater moral or religious character."

"This building bears the stamp of Divinity upon it. It could not be built to-day unless it was torn down and raised upon the same spot. Remember it covers 13 1/2 acres, rises 486 1/2 feet, and contains 5,000,000 tons of hewn stone. It stands in the centre of the land surface of the earth, and is the best zero point to determine latitudinal and longitudinal measurements. Prof. Proctor says that it stands in the centre of the earth, including America and Australia, which were unknown then. Those who built it knew that it was in the centre of the earth's surface, and they put it where they did to bring it under the direct influence of the polar star. Prof. Proctor conjectured that the Pyramid was built by the astronomers of that day to view the stars as they had no telescopes. He said that he would have done the same thing if he had been without a telescope. Prof. Proctor would never have dug a hole if he had not seen one dug. If these chambers were made for astronomical observations why were they not carried deeper into the rock instead of being built partly through the superstructure? The Babylonians, who were the great astronomers, nowhere dug a hole in the earth for their observations. If such a thing would have occurred to Prof. Proctor, why should it not have occurred to some millions of men before him? If the pyramid was for astronomical purposes, why was as much built above the grand gallery as below it? Why was the whole out of which the observations were made closed up? No, the Bible says it was a sign, and a witness, and a pillar, and Isaiah wrote of it in his day that God had set signs and wonders in the land of Egypt, standing to his time. It stands there with Divinity stamped upon it, the marvel of ages past, the wonder of the present."

In conclusion, Dr. Wild said that it is well known that Prof. Proctor is an infidel, and that his inclinations are against any belief of the inspiration of the construction of the Pyramids.

Untimely People.
The other morning I saw a man go out of a car and shut the door after him. I have traveled very constantly for nearly three years, and this was the first man I ever saw shut the door after him as he went out. He only shut it because I was right behind him, trying to get out with a valise in each hand. When I sat down my valise to open the door I made a few remarks on the general subject of people who would get up in the night to do the wrong thing at the wrong time; but the man was out on the platform and failed to catch the drift of my remark. I was not sorry for this, because the other passengers seemed to enjoy it quite as well by themselves, and the man who called forth this impromptu address was a forbidding-looking man, as big as a hay wagon and looked as if he would have banged me through the side of a box-car if he had heard what I said. I suppose the people who invariably do the wrong thing at the wrong time are necessary, but they are awfully unpleasant.—[Burlington Hawkeye.]

A Paris correspondent calls attention to the fact which American ladies seem slow at comprehending that to be in the fashion now means to be distinctively one's self in dress, and not, as heretofore, a copy of some one else. The change makes it possible for ladies to dress becomingly, which was impossible under the old plan.

Rights of the Road.

A legal authority, in an opinion as to rights of the road, says if a farm deed is bounded by or upon the road, it usually extends to the middle of the roadway. The farmer owns the soil of half the road, and may use the grass, trees, gravel, stones, sand, or anything of value to him, either on the land or beneath its surface, subject only to the superior rights of the public to travel over the road, and that of the highway surveyor to use such materials for the repair of the road; these materials may be carted away and used elsewhere on the road. No other man has a right to feed his cattle there or cut the grass or trees, much less deposit his wood, old carts, wagons or other things there. The owner of a drove of cattle that stops to feed in front of the road, is responsible to you at law, as much as if they did the same thing inside the fence. Nobody's children have a right to pick up the apples under your trees, although the apples are wholly outside of your fence. No private person has a right to cut or lop off the limbs of your trees in order to move his old barn or other building along the highway, and no traveler can hitch his horse to your trees by the sidewalk, without being liable, if he gnaws the bark or otherwise injures them. If your well stands partly on your land and partly outside the fence, no neighbor can use it, except by your permission. Nay, more, no man has a right to stand in front of your door and insult you with abusive language without being liable to you for trespassing on your land. He has a right to pass and repass in an orderly manner; a right to use the road, but not to abuse it. But, notwithstanding the farmer owns the soil of the road, even he cannot use it for any purpose which interferes with the use of it by the public for travel. He cannot put his pig-pen, wagon, cart, wood, or other things there, if the highway surveyor orders them away as obstructing public travel. If he leaves such things outside the fence and within the limits of the highway, as actually laid out, though some distance from the traveled path, and a traveler runs into them in the night and is injured, the owner is not only liable to him for private damages, but also may be indicted and fined for obstructing a public highway. And if he has a fence or wall along the highway, he must place it all on his land, and not half on the road, as in the case of division fences between neighbors. But as he owns the soil, if the road is discontinued or located elsewhere, the land reverts to him, and he may enclose it to the center and use it as a part of his farm.

Bright Homes.
A single bright home may disquiet a whole family for a whole day. One early glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the home where peace and blessings dwell. No matter how humble the abode. If it be garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumult of the world; will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death, and the fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons who come to wear his mantle and fill his place, while on the other hand, from an unhappy misgoverned and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions and strifes and railings which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

At a certain church not a thousand miles from Oil City, recently, a man with an enthusiastic nature became convinced of the error of his ways and determined to reform. He joined the church, but found it extremely difficult to give up all his bad habits. Among other things he had been an inveterate swearer, and his tongue would persist in slipping quite frequently. One Sunday he went to church, and, being sleepy, began nodding. Finally, he got his cane in front of him, and, resting his head on the handle, went to the land of Nod. He was sleeping sweetly and serenely, when some sinful cuss kicked the cane out, and the newly-converted Christian's head came down on the back of the seat in front of him like a pile driver, causing him to ejaculate, with unnecessary emphasis: "Great God!"

A bright little three-year-old, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed, "Mama, I think he ought to be oiled."

We suspect that there are men in New York who would willingly give \$100,000 for a seat in the New York Stock Exchange, who rarely give a cent towards securing one in the heavenly kingdom.—[Brooklyn Union-Argus.]

Add as You are Able.
A venerable and distinguished Bishop once advised a body of ministers as follows:—
Owe no man more than you are able to pay; and permit no man to owe you more than you are able to lose.
A rational application of this advice would divest the credit system of many, if not all, of its objectionable features. Consistent with the first part of the exhortation, young men—and older ones as well—are admonished to be content with a gradual addition to their property of any kind.
If any one has not the money to spare for much, let him confine himself to the little. After a while he can easily venture on another part; and after waiting and earning—on still another and another, either paying as he goes or surely avoiding heavy indebtedness. Do not attempt too much at once. Do what you can afford this time, and put off the other things to another time. Don't try to build too much and too fast.
Don't buy at once all the furniture you would like to see in your house. Improve and increase your implements and stock by degrees. A little that is paid for is far better than much you owe for. Debt, bankruptcy and distress come often from burdening the present for the sake of the future.
It is easier to pay little debts every now and then than to pay a large debt at one time. All who have tried them know that large debts are costly and unpleasant things.

Errors of Type and Telegraph.
Lately some one attempted to say that the printer who printed the following article asserted that Rubinstein was not a correct player. The printer corrected the error by making it that "he was not a correct-player," which is probably true. Another, essaying to describe a certain personage as the "great I am" of local matters, found that he was instead "the great I A. M."—a dreadful charge, if somewhat vague. According to a veracious Western paper, one editor was horrified by finding "The Death of an Angel" heading an obituary, instead of the deorous "Death of an Aged Woman." The rascally "Truth Seeker," recently—which was a severe joke for the turtles. Once a paragraph beginning "Miss Dickinson" (meaning the eloquent Anna) appeared with the auspicious start of "The Disbursion," which naturally made the subsequent remarks somewhat confused. But the telegraph makes as amusing blunders as the type. A sentence of Lord Cararony's essay on sermons of a recent Anglican diocesan Conference, was thus dispatched: "The worst-paid country curate is expected to preach twice on Sunday with the persuniveness of a journeyman tailor, and the eloquence of a barrow." For "journeyman tailor" read "Jeremy Taylor," and initial "barrow" with a capital letter, and all is right.

Counterfeit Eggs.
It is well known that in America everything is counterfeited; the wooden hams and nutmegs sent from the New England States are well remembered. Eggs are now also counterfeited, and this manufacture is carried out on a large scale. On one side of a large room the reporter saw several large copper vessels filled with a thick glutinous yellow mass, which a man was constantly stirring. This was the yellow of the egg—the yolk. On the opposite side were similar vessels, in which the white was fabricated. The egg shells were made of a white substance resembling plaster of Paris, by means of a blowpipe, just as soap bubbles are blown. After being dried in an oven, the egg shells were filled: first with artificial albumen, then with some of the artificial yolk, and lastly with a little of the artificial albumen. The small opening at the end of the egg was closed with white cement; and the greatest achievement of modern civilization, the artificial egg, was ready. In appearance it resembled a natural egg; but whether cooked or raw, it was indigestible and injurious to health."

A Georgia Farmer's Success.
We know a man, now a large farmer, living near Americus, whose record reads like romance. He began life since the war, a poor young man, as a farm hand, working for wages. He has inherited nothing, and has been engaged in no business except farming. He this year will make ninety bales of cotton; has not brought a single bale to market, does not propose to sell a bale before spring, and he is able to hold it. He owns one of the best plantations in Southwest Georgia, and it is his boast that he buys nothing upon which to feed man or beast, except sugar and coffee, but, on the contrary, has something to sell of almost any product of Southern soil. Last year he made 1,600 gallons of syrup, and this year has sold over 200 pounds of butter. In the face of such facts, how can it be said that farming can't be made to pay.—[Americus (Ga.) Recorder.]

A good reply was given to a bragging Meholite the other day by a farmer. The Mahone subject went up to the old farmer and said: "We are going to clean you out, even down to the spittoons." "Yes, by George," replied the old farmer, "and that's all you are fit to clean out." The spittoon cleaner vanished.—[Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.]

Some Things to Disbelieve.

When a man advertises for a partner, and wants a young man to put in a small investment of one hundred or five hundred dollars and promises to him a realization of fifty or one hundred per cent. don't believe it. When a man offers to give gold watches or jewelry worth fifty to one hundred dollars for one dollar, don't believe it. When a man offers to give away knowledge of the utmost value for the cure of consumption, and any and all diseases, by merely sending a three-cent stamp to prepay postage, don't believe it. When a man proposes to do his utmost to make every one else rich, and looks to other people's interest more than his own, don't believe it. When a man offers to give up something of great value for something of less value—in other words, to give you something for nothing, don't believe it. Many persons advertise on purpose to fish young men of money gained by hard labor, and before entering into any speculation which may be offered you, take advantage of the many means at your command and ascertain the facts with reference to the proposed business before you invest, and thus save your money and assist in effectually breaking up all swindling establishments.

A Tourist Who Talked.
James M. Steele, convicted of shooting at a man, was before Judge Gains for sentence, at Dallas, Texas, and was asked what he had to say. The following dialogue ensued: Steele—"I am a gentleman, my ancestors were gentlemen, and I did nothing but what any other gentleman would have done under the circumstances. You have shown me no justice." The Judge—"Shut up." Steele—"You asked me if I had anything to say, sir, and I have a right to talk—and I am going to do it." The Judge—"I didn't give you permission to talk in that manner. In all my experience as a Judge nothing has ever given me so much pleasure as sentencing you to the penitentiary for seven years." Steele—"Yes, and I hope and pray the curse of Heaven may descend upon you, and that you may be sunk into the hottest pits of hell, and I only hope that I may have the pleasure of meeting you at some future time."

A CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.
During the reign of Charles I, a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding she hired herself to carry out beer from a ware-house, and was one of those called "beer-women." The brewer, observing a good-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her. He died while she was yet a young woman, leaving her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewing was dropped. Mr. Hyde was recommended to the young woman as a most skillful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterward Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune was considerable, married her. By this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who afterward became the wife of James II, and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

MIXED ITEMS.—A ludicrous transposition occurred in the make-up of a couple of telegraphic items in the New Haven Journal and Courier Monday, which produced the following effect: The first item read, "A large east-iron wheel, revolving three hundred times a minute, exploded in that city yesterday after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent citizen, followed by the second item, which read, "John Fadden, the well-known florist and real estate broker of Newport R. I., died in Warden & Russell's sugar mill at Crystal Lake, Ill., on Saturday, doing \$3,000 damage to the building, and injuring several workmen and Lorenzo Wilcox fatally."

A certain young man brought his affianced down from the country to see the sights. One day, while they were passing by a confectioner's the twain noticed in the window a placard bearing the announcement—"Ice cream—one dollar per gal." "Well," said the young man as he walked into the saloon, "that's a pretty steep price to charge for one gal, but Liecie, I'll see you through, no matter what it costs. Here's a dollar, waiter; ice cream for this gal."

The story is told of a clergyman that after preaching an interesting sermon on "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," he was accosted by a hearer, who said: "I liked that sermon, and now I wish you would preach another on the recognition of friends in this world. I have been attending your church for three years, and not five persons in the congregation have so much as bowed to me in all that time."

Lady—"Why did you leave your last place?" Servant—"Well, yer see, ma, I had to pay for all my breakages, and as they come to more than my wages, you see ma, it was a kind of imposition that I couldn't stand."

A statistician computes that 2,500,000 watches and 4,000,000 clocks are annually turned out in different parts of the world.

Telling His Grandson Good-bye.
We get the following report from Mr. S. P. Collins, who learned it from the gentleman on whom the robbery was committed: "Mr. Godby, who lives on the Middleburg and Dunville pike, in Casey county, shipped a lot of sheep to Cincinnati a short time ago, and sold them for \$400. Just before he started home a man stepped up to Mr. Godby and called him by name, saying that he made his acquaintance in Lexington last Spring, and that he was going out to Lexington on the train and would like to enjoy his (Godby's) company, to which Mr. Godby assented, but remarked that he must go to a book-store and buy some books before starting, and the man said he would walk up with him. On their return the man remarked that he must step in and bid his grandma good-bye, and invited Mr. Godby to step in, which he did, and as soon as he was indoors, three men arose, closed the door behind him, presented their pistols and demanded his pocket-book. Suffice it to say that Mr. Godby obeyed, and that he will not be detained hereafter for a stranger to bid his grandma good-bye."—[Columbia Spectator.]

A SPIRIT WITH A BLOODY NOSE.
A young man from Rutland attended a seance at Spirit Valley recently. He sat in a circle around a table joined by holding hands in the usual form. The lights were turned down. Presently he felt something like a human hand playfully fondling his ears and nose. He attempted to withdraw his own hands from those of his companions for the purpose of investigating, but failed in his attempt. Finally the "spirit hand" began caressing his knee, and he elevated his foot with so much suddenness as to bring further manifestations to a close. When the lights were turned on it was discovered that the medium was bleeding at the nose, which organ had come in contact with the young man's boot.—[Rutland (Vt.) Herald.]

A NORTHERN LIEBEL ON A CHRISTIAN JOURNALIST.—Henry Watterson, of the Courier-Journal, is said to be superstitious, as well as talkative and profane. One night this had man was playing poker with his friends in Louisville, and a terrible thunder storm came up. There was a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a terrible peal of thunder, when Watterson jumped up and threw down his hand. "What's the matter?" inquired one of his companions, "I can't stand this," said Watterson, "I've got to go." "What for?" asked his friend. "Why, if the lightning strikes this building and kills us all," said Watterson, "wouldn't I look pretty appearing before the angel Gabriel with a bob-tailed flush?"—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

The bracelet slipper has been introduced in Paris. The shoes are cut very low in front and high up on the instep, it is fastened with a finely chiseled real gold bracelet instead of the usual strap. Another expensive novelty in the same line is the Andalusian boot, made of black satin, with laces ruffles down the front seam, and fastened with real jewel buttons.

Three cures for the sore throat are recommended by the New York Times, as follows: 1. Gargle the throat with solution of salt water. 2. Gargle the throat with chlorate of potash and water. 3. Keep a small lump of gum camphor in the mouth and swallow the saliva; do the same with chlorate of potash.

Happiness is a frail plant, which seldom lives long on earth. It springs up when it will; often in quiet, shady nooks and corners, but seldom in cultivated gardens. It often blooms where one would least expect it, and then suddenly and unexpectedly dies.

To ascertain the year in which any Congress closed, double the number of the Congress and add 1,789 to the product.—[Boston Advertiser.] To ascertain the virtues of the present Congress, divide 1879 by itself and subtract one.

If children were taught to say "mother" instead of "ma," the blood-curdling cry of a young goat in the adjoining field would never cause an anxious mother to rush out and see what was the matter with her darling.—[Hacksack Republican.]

It is said that Indian babies never cry. This is because they are never taken to public entertainments. We believe that an India rubber baby would yell frightfully if it were taken to a place of amusement. They all do it.

An unknown man was killed by the cars at Stratford the other day. The contents of his pockets—sixty cents and a pair of scissors—would indicate that he was connected with journalism.—[Danbury News.]

The two important events in the life of man are when he examines his upper lip and sees the hair coming, and when he examines the top of his head and sees the hair going.

In boiling eggs hard put them in boiling water ten minutes and then put them in cold water. It will prevent the yolks from coloring black.

It would be money in the vest-pocket of some man to invent a trap to catch a train when one's watch is too slow.

Getting Even With the P. M. G.

Ever since the late order of the Postmaster-General came out, a certain citizen of Detroit has been pondering on how to get even with the old chap. Yesterday he struck the idea. He entered the Postoffice with a letter, or rather an envelope, containing only blank paper. He wrote the address on the upper left-hand corner, upset the envelope and wrote the town, put the county on the lower corner, and the State where the stamp goes. Then he stuck the stamp in the centre of the envelope, and below it requested to have the letter returned to him after ten days.

"It will come back," he explained, "for there is no party there by this name. I'll have to pay three cents for sending it 1,600 miles, but Uncle Sam has got to blink his eyes all over this envelope, and then return it free. When this old government gets ahead of me I want to know it."—[Free Press.]

A Railway up the Volcano of Vesuvius.
The Railway for the ascent of Vesuvius is now finished. It is 900 meters in length, and will enable tourists to ascend by it to the edge of the crater. The line has been constructed with great care upon a solid pavement, and it is believed to be perfectly secure from all incursions of lava. The mode of traction, says the Engineer, is by two steel ropes put in movement by a steam engine at the foot of the cone. The wheels of the carriages are so made as to be free from any danger of leaving the rails, besides which each carriage is furnished with an exceedingly powerful automatic brake, which, should the rope by any chance break, will stop the train almost instantaneously. One of the chief difficulties of the undertaking was the water supply, but that has been obviated by the formation of two very large reservoirs, one at the station, the other near the observatory.

COULDN'T HELP IT.—"I tell you how it is with me, Mrs. Beazley," said the dressy neighbor, "when I go to church and get all stirred up and agitated over what a desperate set we are, I feel vexed and put out, to think what a shame it was that Eve didn't mind her own business and not bring such heaps of trouble upon us; but, when I put on a new dress that fits me so nicely I can't find a particle of fault with it, and a hat that makes every woman I meet feel as though she hadn't a friend in the world, then I will own up that I do feel downright glad that Eve was fished of fruit, and can't help it."

The editor of the Union (Tenn) Herald combines business with his obituary work in the following pleasing manner: "She was placed in the graveyard at Shady Grove Sunday evening on the 18th, four and a half miles from the city; and we are under obligations to Mr. Mays for a carriage to and from the burial. Mr. Mays is keeping a boarding house in the city and deserves great patronage."

Kentucky has had her own ups and downs, but, on the whole, has made substantial relative progress. Beginning at fourteen, in 1800, although then but a Territory, she rose in 1800 to ninth in the sisterhood of States; in 1810 to seventh, and in 1820 to sixth, which rank she held in 1830 and 1840. But she fell off in 1850 to eighth; in 1860 to tenth, and in 1870 rose to eighth.

A young man eloped with an Illinois girl, and abandoned her at Hays City, Kan., giving her a draft for \$100, and advised her to return home, as he was going to Texas. She met with some delay in getting money for the draft, but as soon as possible she bought a horse, a revolver, and some provisions, and started after the fugitive. Interesting news is expected from her.

The katydid does her singing with her legs. Now if the young man who sits behind you at the concert and hums the tenor softly, were compelled to do all his singing by rubbing the soles of his feet together, how happy you would be. And he! O, he would sing about as well as he does now, and the musical world wouldn't miss him at all.—[Hawkeye.]

We should be truly thankful that the day of the lightning rod man has gone by; that the book agent is frozen in for the winter; that the fruit tree peddler is planted till Spring, and that peanuts are plenty and cheap.

"Healthy place here?" asked a visitor, who was prospecting in the neighborhood of Denver, Col. "Yes, stranger," was the reply. "Ten years ago we had to kill two men to set the Cemetery a-going."

They met, 'twas on the street—
"Oh, such a beauty!" thought the one.
The other thought: "What feat!
Yet did they talk—
Together walk—
And kissed each other's cheeks—and chaff:
He looked as wise as an owl, did he,
His tricks were well adjusted;
He declined to adventure, you see,
And in a year he bustled."

No woman should ever give a plump "No!" to an offer of marriage. Hold on to even a poor one and use it for bait.

It must have been in the green cherry reason that Tennyson wrote:—"From our waist places comes a cry."

When people quit fooling with buzz saws the glove trade will probably pick up considerably.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Davis, Pastor. Services on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday afternoon. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. R. E. Harvey, Superintendent.

CHRISTIAN.—Worship by the congregation every Lord's day. Preaching by Edw. Jos. Bailey on First and Third Lord's days. Sunday School at 9:15. Jos. Severance, Superintendent.

METHODIST, SOUTH.—No Pastor. Union Sunday School at 9:30. John W. Root, Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting Wednesday nights.

PRESBYTERIAN, SOUTH.—Rev. J. S. SAYS, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer Meetings Thursday nights. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. J. S. SAYS, Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN, NORTH.—Rev. J. S. SAYS, Pastor. Services on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night.

ROTELS.

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PERIODICALS.

1880.
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This popular periodical is pre-eminently a journal for the household.
Every number furnishes the latest information in regard to fashions in dress and ornament, the newest and most approved styles of millinery, and articles of domestic economy, and contains original stories, poems and essays on social and domestic topics every variety to sustain the interest of the household.

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A Work for the Legislature.

A word in season. Do we want a good administration of the laws? Do we want economy in the conduct of the State government? Let us make a suggestion with reference to both questions. The suggestion bears especially on our present court system. It was ascertained a few years since that Circuit Judges were incapable, on account of lack of time, of transacting even one-half of the business of which their courts had jurisdiction. This resulted chiefly from the increase of Commonwealth prosecutions, which have precedence of civil cases. The prosecutions operated as a dam, blocking up more important interests, and thereby increasing private indebtedness and costs of litigation to an alarming extent. To afford relief the Legislature established, in such portions of the State as were most sorely distressed, Common Pleas Courts, having jurisdiction at law and equity. The scheme cannot be said to have been an unwise one. In fact, it was a move in the right direction. But we incline to the opinion, and are confirmed in it by talk with the legal profession, that something better could have been done, and may yet be done by the present Legislature elect. Two methods have been suggested. First—an increase of the number of judicial districts and a consequent redistricting of the State. Second—the establishment of a criminal court in each existing judicial district. Either method presupposes the abolition of all the Common Pleas Courts. The most serious objection to the first method is a constitutional one, or, as we put it, an objection growing out of conflicting constructions of the 24 Sec. Art. IV, Con. Ky. "The General Assembly, if they deem it necessary, may establish one additional district every four years, but the judicial districts shall not exceed sixteen until the population of this State shall exceed one million five hundred thousand." The last session, but one, of the Legislature made the 15th judicial district, and the construction of this clause, as contended for by some, would forbid the next session to go to any further extent in re-organizing the districts, than simply to create one additional district—a thing, which, when done, would practically give no relief at all, as it is confessed that the State needs as many as twenty-four districts. But to view the question in the light of practical results, we cannot see that any disadvantage would ensue by the establishment of twenty-four districts. If it should be done who could complain, or it complain be made, what would it amount to? Which one of the twenty-four judges would decide that his was not the legally established district?

The second method with more general favor. It is conceded to be the wisest course to completely separate the criminal from the civil business. Many reasons can be assigned why this is so. It rarely occurs, though possible, that a judge can be found who possesses the excellence and qualifications he should have as a chancery lawyer, who likewise possesses proper fitness as a criminal judge and vice versa. The administration of justice under the civil law, as contradistinguished from the criminal, is so utterly different from that under the criminal law, that fitness in one branch is no wise argues fitness in the other. Farmers can understand this by considering the difficulty of finding a No. 1 combined horse. It is no answer to say, let the judge study both branches of the profession and qualify himself as well for the one as the other. The judge does study. But human nature is human nature. We have to consider the attitudes of men, and remember the moral of one of Aesop's fables, that the Gods do not bestow all the good on one. There is as much difference between the characters and practices of chancery and criminal law as there is between blacksmithing and portrait-painting. So the conclusion is, to let the Circuit Courts retain their jurisdiction of civil cases, because these are the most important to the people, and because the Circuit Court is the constitutional court originally designed for this business, and establish the criminal courts. The judges of the latter would have nothing else to do but to give undivided attention to Commonwealth business, and then instead of the delays so frequent under our present system, resulting in thousands upon thousands of dollars, which the State and counties pay in the way of witness claims and jailor's fees, we will have the criminal prosecutions conducted in an economical way, and the Constitutional provision promoted, in letter and spirit, which says that "Justice shall be administered without sale, denial or delay." It has been arithmetically ascertained that the retrenchment in jailor's fees and witness claims would doubly pay the salaries of seventeen criminal judges at \$2,000 per annum each. The experiment, if it be one, is well worth the trial, and if, against all predicted opinions, it should prove a failure, all the Legislature would have to do would be to repeal the law.

Not Near So Great.

The Courier-Journal is a great paper. But it falls far short of being as great as it thinks itself. It is airish to a degree. It can assume more lordliness and be more patronizing in a given space than any newspaper on the continent when it so minds. Its defence of the conduct of Louisville in relation to Grant's recent visit is a fair specimen of a peculiar logic in which it delights.—Owensboro Examiner.

Denies the Allegation and Defies the Allegator.

In the beginning of his editorial welcoming Grant, Mr. Watterson claimed that Louisville as the commercial metropolis of the South would represent the South and speak for the people of the South. We deny all three propositions—first that Louisville is the metropolis of the South; second, that she represents the South, and third, that she speaks the sentiments of the people of the South, or acted them out in her grovelling know-how at the feet of the Northern hero.—Richmond (Va) State.

Simply.

It is astonishing that the very men who were then loudest in denouncing Grant are now conspicuous in doing him honor. It is deplorable to note the number of prominent Democrats who stupidly fall into a trap set by his political managers, and under the shallow pretense of honoring a soldier and great traveler, are lending aid to their enemies, who doubtless chuckle over their simplicity in being hoodwinked by this sharp trick. Even the gifted editor of the leading Democratic journal of the South falls as easy prey to this "booming."—[Meade Record.]

A Moral Coward.

That man is a moral coward who will allow his sympathy to sign his name to a petition for the pardon of a known murderer, cut-throat or robber. A petition for the pardon of Francis Denham, a well-known murderer and scoundrel, has been going the rounds here in the past four days for our citizens to sign. We may admit his sister who goes around with the petition and pleads for signatures, is calculated to arouse the sympathy of man. We do not blame her. But why should any rational, honest man lend his influence to infest our country with such a man as Francis Denham? If a check is not made in this petition business courts might as well cease to be. Fellow-citizens, consider well the man before you sign his petition.—[Somerset Reporter.]

Possessed of the Qualities of a Jack-ass.

Nepotism seems peculiar to the Blackburn family. Dr. Blackburn quartered his wife's brother on the public as Secretary of State, and Jo. Blackburn, his son, on the public as a clerk to one of the House committees. These acts taint the public service and destroy public reputations. Gov. Blackburn was strongly urged not to perpetrate the wrong he inflicted on Kentucky civil service. He started wrong and all is not well with him until this day. What the ending will be no man can think of without regret or apprehension. He is too stubborn and hot tempered to retrace his steps. He will prefer to blunder on into deeper troubles, and to the utter sacrifice of all his suddenly-gained and over-inflated popularity.—[Louisville Democrat.]

Attending Their Own Affairs First.

The Kentucky Court of Appeals has subjected itself to severe animadversion. As has been noted, the Court met Tuesday but could do no business on account of the absence of Judges Hines and Hargis, and an adjournment was made till next Monday. We are not informed as to the cause of the absence of Judge Hargis, but Judge Hines, it seems, left his seat on the Appellate bench to go to the lower part of the State to attend to a case in which he was interested in one of the inferior courts. The worst of it is, as we learn from a member of the Covington bar, who went to Frankfort Tuesday, to attend to a case in the Appellate Court, no notice of the intended absence of the Judges was given, and quite a number of lawyers from different parts of the State went to Frankfort Tuesday only to be told that there would be no court till next Monday.—[Covington Commonwealth, 19th.]

We'll Give Him the Injection.

Gov. Blackburn says of the Laxdau present, of the gamblers, so much harped on by the Post and News, of Louisville—"that he would not place himself in so foolish a position, as to refuse the acceptance of a present, before it was tendered to him. The old Governor very adroitly works upon the sympathies of the people by suggesting that his wife would rather have the condition of the penitentiary improved, and the sufferings of the convicts relieved, than possess the finest carriage in the world. He talks as independently as a wood-chopper in Christmas times, and evidently cares little for newspaper criticisms, no matter how severe they may be. Well, if the Governor is sure he is right let him go ahead—but in the meantime the Post and News and the INTERIOR JOURNAL keep hammering away at him, and they may give him a hyperdermic injection, that will rouse his nerves to action, so that he will be compelled to sing out, in self-defence."—[Harrodsburg Observer.]

Stories About Animals.

One damp afternoon the turtle came waddling out into the big room to borrow a little sand to lay his eggs in. "My friend," the elephant said, "Yours is a very hard case." "Yes," the turtle replied, "but while there's life there's hope." The elephant was greatly astonished, for he didn't know the turtle was given to that sort of thing at all, and all the other animals grinned, because you see, it wasn't often the elephant met any body in the menagerie who could talk to him.

How Long we are to Live.

It is not every one who asks himself this question, because, strangely enough, it is the belief of many persons that their lives will be exceptionally lengthy. However, life assurance companies are aware of the credulous weaknesses of those whose lives they assure, and have therefore compiled numerous tables of expectancy of life for their own guidance, which are carefully referred to before a policy is granted. The following is one of these well authenticated tables, in use among London assurance companies, showing the length of life in various stages. In the first column we have the present ages of persons of average health. In the second column we are enabled to peep, as it were, behind the scenes of an assurance office, and gather from their table the number of years they will give us to live. The table has been the result of careful calculation and seldom proves misleading. Of course, sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occasionally occur, but this is a table of average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman:

Age.	More years to live.
10	50
20	40
30	30
40	20
50	10
60	5
70	3
80	1
90	0

Our readers will easily gather from the above tabulated statement the number of years to which their lives, according to the law of averages, may reasonably be expected to extend.—[Harper's Bazar.]

The Same Old Story.

An Oxford graduate was showing his sister over his rooms in college, when some one knocked at the door. Supposing that it was one of his friends, and not wishing to be chafed, he hid her behind the curtains, and admitted an elderly gentleman who apologized profusely for his intrusion, and excused himself by saying that it was many years since he had been at Oxford, and could not leave without paying a visit to his dear old college and the old rooms, he had occupied as a student.

"Ah!" cried the old gentleman,

looking around, "the same old sofa, yes, and the same old carpet—every thing the same!" Then, walking into the bedroom, he remarked, "Yes, and the same old bed, and the same washstand! Yes, every thing the same."

Presently he stepped toward the

curtains, and remarked, "Ah! and the same old curtains!" Looking around he beheld the young lady, and turning round said: "Ah, you young dog, and the same old story!"

The Barber's Pole.

The barber's sign, striped pole from which was suspended a basin, has been in use "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary;" the fillet round the pole indicates the riband or bandage twisted about the arm previous to blood-letting, and the basin the vessel for receiving the blood. The basin is rarely ever seen in our country. The occupation of barber has only been in use among comparatively civilized nations. The prophet Ezekiel alludes to this when he says: "And thou, son of man, take thee a sharp knife, take thee a razor, and cause it to pass upon thine head and upon thy beard." Ezekiel v. 1. We read of barbers at Rome as early as the fourth hundred and fifty-fourth year of the city. This trade and the profession of surgeon was practiced by one and the same man in "ye olden time" and the barber-chirurgeons were incorporated by King Edward IV. in 1461, and the business of surgeon was not made separate until 1745 by statute 18 George II, ch. 15. The blue stripe is put upon some of the poles in this country because it is the National color.

Pigs' Feet.—If you have more

than you want to use now, boil them until the bones drop out, then mince them coarsely and boil in a little of the same water; season well, and when cold, cover with vinegar, and it will keep until warm weather. It will be firm, like jelly, and can be cut into slices. This is very good for laboring men who work out of doors. There is no oil or grease for boots and shoes, that can compare with the grease skimmed, when cold, off the kettle in which pigs' feet have been boiled. It is very softening, and there will be just enough of the gluey substance in it to make a good mixture and give a nice "shine."

The New York law reducing the

legal rate of interest in that State to 7 per cent. provides no penalties for violation. The old law simply declares that it shall not be lawful to charge more than 7 per cent., which would seem to leave the optional rate just where it was before. Good may come out of this oversight, however, for it is well known that usury laws are easily evaded, and, in fact, are of little account. The market price of money is regulated by a higher than statute law.

The cucumber does its best fighting

after it is down.

A Thief's Trick.

"Armetus Ward," when in a hilarious mood, was in the habit of seizing the hand of some passing stranger giving it a good shake and exclaiming, "How are you, Jones, old fellow? When did you come town? In vain the stranger asserted that he was not Jones and had not just come to town. Armetus would insist that he was and had, and was trying to shake off an old friend. It seems from a letter in Land and Water that a similar trick is played by London thieves.

Poor Mrs. Maberly was made a victim

of last week by one of the clever thieves who prowled about our squares and the Baywater end of town. She had been to "The Grove," and was turning into Leinster square, when a well-dressed young woman grasped her by the hand exclaiming: "O Mrs. Grant, I am sure my aunt will be glad to see you" Mrs. Maberly, who did not know the speaker, tried to extricate her hand, and said her name was not Grant, but the young lady squeezed her fingers all the more tightly, until the old lady's rings cut into the flesh, talking fluently of:

"How delighted her aunt would

be to know dear Mrs. Grant had come back. Mrs. Maberly fairly screamed with pain and alarm, "I don't know you—I am not Mrs. Grant!" when her young friend let go her hand, and became most profuse in apologies. Mrs. Maberly found, when she returned home, that tenpence had been abstracted.

Unaccustomed People.

The acclimated young man who has to work for his living cannot afford to marry an unacclimated girl, one who has not had the fever. Even the richest merchants and largest property-owners complain of the expense of running away and summing up North for four months in the year. The acclimated girl is a treasure in Memphis. She may not have the yellow hair, but if she has had yellow fever she is worth a mint of money as a household gift. The unacclimated young man who has to work for a living cannot afford to marry at all, because he cannot pick himself and wife up every summer and skedaddle toward the polar star. Among the courting questions now to be propounded prior to asking a girl to marry are the important ones: "Miss—, have you ever had the yellow fever?" "Was it a typical case?" "Are you certain your physician was correct in his diagnosis of your case?" If the answers are not quite satisfactory other questions might be put that would develop the desired facts.

PROF. SWING ON GOOD TIMES.

Prof. Swing remarks that it will be a great mistake and a great misfortune if the return of good times shall bring back the old terror for property and adventures which made mortgages among the most popular things of the day. "Mortgages," he adds, "are a pestilence, and debts are a regular cholera. Estates die under them. Churches sicken and have to be sat up with at night; individuals pine away, wives and children become disheartened in the mortgage season, and the financial grave-digger is busy day and night. Swamps and dirty houses were the black death of Europe—debts are the plague of America."

It was after the opera, and they

were in a rendezvous for material refreshments. The usual talk about the singing and the artists subsiding, he, as a souvenir of the evening, offered her his button-hole bouquet. She, accepting, said: "How lovely!" He added: "What fragrance, too!" And then she, sniffing the savory odor of the incoming oysters, echoed: "Yes, what fragrant stew!" Then he became involved in thought.

The other evening an old gentleman

advanced the proposition that never in the course of his long life had he seen a woman that was not charming. "Oh, really, now," said a lady whose nose was of the purest Ukrainian breed, "don't you think I'm ugly?" Not at all, madame," replied the gallant old gentleman. "You are an angel, fresh fallen from heaven, only you fell on your nose!"

Calling each hog three feet long

that was packed in the West the past year, and putting them in single file, they would reach 6,335 miles, or from New York across the continent and Pacific Ocean into China.—[Drovers' Journal.]

A mud truck can neither fly, sing,

gallop, laugh, cry or go blackberrying, and yet, if they are let alone they get along just as well as the young man who tries to be funny at a lawn party.

"My hand to a gentleman, my

check to a friend, but my lips must be kept for my lover," says the French girl.

In Tuskegee, Ala., there is a negro

boy as black as the ace of spades who has blue eyes.

Early to bed and early to rise

will be all in vain if you don't advertise.

The editor's position is one of trust.

He has to trust nearly every body.

Beautiful ladies are angry if gazed

at, and indignant if not.

Sleight of hand—Refusing a marriage

proposal.

A smile on the face is worth two in

a tumbler.

Love.

The following is what some of the old authors have to say about love: Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies.—Pope. Hate makes us vehement partisans, but love more so.—Goethe. In love we are fools alike.—Gay. Love, one time, layeth burdens; another time giveth wings.—Sir P. Sidney. Love is the virtue of women.—DuDevant.

In love, the deceit generally out-

strips the distrust.—Rochefoucauld. Where love dwells is paradise.—Richter.

Love is precisely the moral nat-

ure what the sun is to the earth.—Balzac.

Words of love are works of love.—

Alger.

When we love we live.—Congreve.

Gold does not satisfy love; it must be paid in its coin.—Madame Delany.

Love is an affair of credulity.—

Ovid.

She that is loved is safe.—Jeremy

Taylor.

How shall I do to love? Believe.

How shall I do to believe? Love.—Leighton.

Love is an egotism of two.—A. de

La Salle.

I could not love thee, dear, so much,

I love I not honor more.—Loveless.

Wish chastely and love dearly.—

Shakespeare.

Love sacrifices all things to bless

the thing it loves.—Bulwer Lytton.

There is a minister of the primitive

Baptist denomination in Georgia, who has five churches under his care, making it necessary for him to preach all day long on Sundays. The other six days in the week he goes into the forest and chops wood for a living.

"The boys and girls together go

drinking in the brooks; the young man with a purple nose his ancient mother shook. The urchin feels much worse behind, than he ever felt before, and he attributes it to sliding down old Grimes' cellar door."

It is estimated, should the flow

of gold continue from foreign countries, the metallic circulation of the country at the end of the present fiscal year will have swollen to over \$600,000,000.

A mustard plaster is a good thing

in its place, but the best place; so far as our experience goes, is to have the plaster on a ham-sandwich.

We saw a girl the other day who

was "just as pretty as she could be," but, poor thing, she couldn't be very pretty.—[Boston Post.]

The world is sure to find out an

honest man; but it will find him out a great deal quicker if he advertises.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SITUATION WANTED.

A young man of experience desires a position as foreman in a firm. Any one wishing such a person will please address T. R. WALTON, JR., Interior Journal Office, 405-21.

MILLINERY

—BY— Mrs. Warren & Mrs. Bruce, Main Street, STANFORD, - - - KENTUCKY.

ATTENTION, MERCHANTS!

Franklin Lodge No. 7, I. O. O. F., Lancaster, Ky., offers to rent, on reasonable terms, for the year 1880, the largest and best arranged business house in this locality. For terms and further information, address the 405-21 SECRETARY.

W. CRAIG.

—WITH— J. & L. SEASONING & CO., Manufacturers of Clothing, IMPORTERS & JOBBERS OF WOOLENS, S. W. COR. 344 VINE STS., CINCINNATI, O.

LAND FOR SALE!

A first-rate Farm, containing 150 Acres, is offered for sale. It is well improved and has on it a good and comfortable dwelling, a new barn, stable and all necessary out-buildings; a No. 1 orchard and several miles of water in abundance. It is situated on the Hanging Fork, five miles from Stanford, on the Pike leading to Louisville. It will be sold at a bargain. For further particulars, inquire of J. M. COOPER, Or Rebt. Lytle, Stanford, Ky.

GOOD FARM FOR SALE.

I will sell, on any terms, my farm, situated two miles from Stanford, on the Danville Turnpike. It has upon it a brick residence with six rooms and brick kitchen and cellar. It is, perhaps, the best built residence in Lincoln Co. All necessary out-buildings, good orchard, good dairy, 2 well-wooded springs on the premises. All under good fence, mostly new. About 1000 acres in blue-grass and timothy. A beautiful house in a desirable neighborhood. See it. J. M. COOPER, 305-20-20-20.

CONTAINS 127 ACRES.

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A Desirable Residence

—FOR SALE.— If not sold privately before, I will offer at public auction, on

JANUARY 5, '80, County Court Day, my seat and residence on Danville Street. The lot contains about

HALF OF AN ACRE, And has all the necessary out-buildings for a small family. E. A. TERHUNE, Stanford, Ky.

CHRISTIAN COLLEGE,

HUSTONVILLE, KY.

—During the next term beginning—

JAN. 26TH, 1880.

We shall have, connected with the College,

A NORMAL DEPARTMENT,

in which Teachers may be trained in the modern and most improved method of teaching. From our extensive practical experience in education in this line, we confidently expect to give entire satisfaction. J. N. REPPERT, A. M.

R. H. WEAREN,

UNDERTAKER, Main Street, - - - Stanford, Ky.

J. R.

WARREN & SON,

P. O. STORE.

Are still holding forth at the old stand, and as usual keep a good supply of articles in their line.

Remember that we keep every thing in Staple and Fancy Groceries: Sugars, Coffees, Molasses, Coal Oil, Tea, Rice, &c.; and in Fancy Groceries, Canned Goods of every description, Cheese, Crackers, Spices, Sage, Maccaroni, Raisins, Nuts, Candies, Extracts, &c.

We laid in just before the late rise, a good supply of Coal Hods, Kitchen Sets, Shovels, Tongs, and "sich."

We will aim, at all times, during the coming Winter, to be able to furnish all who may apply with Bacon, Lard, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, &c. We ask parties having any of the last-named articles to sell to call on us before disposing of same elsewhere; and we will promise to pay the highest market price therefor in goods.

We also keep a complete stock of Glass- and Queensware, Lamps, Chimneys, &c.

We expect, as soon as the season arrives, to lay in a big stock of Candies, Nuts, and other articles suitable to Christmas trade.

Don't forget us when you want Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Hollowware, Groceries, Confectioneries, Notions, Cigars, Tobaccos, Shot, Powder, Caps, Wads, &c.

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LOCAL NOTICES.

New stock of pocket-knives at Chennell & Penny's.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded at Chennell & Penny's.

Fire crackers and candles of all sorts and varieties for sale cheap, at Harris & Nunnally's.

A New Sewing Machine can be purchased at a bargain by applying to Miss Mary Logan, Stanford, Ky.

The remainder of our Holiday Stock is now offered Low. Give us another call for New Year Gifts. McRoberts & Stagg.

J. H. & S. H. SHANKS has just received a splendid new lot of Ladies' and Children's Shoes, made by Ziegler Bros., and are authorized to warrant every pair.

WANTED: A good school, male or female. Eight years experience. Sufficient reference offered. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, M. D. Hughes, Stanford, Ky.

Who has not been annoyed by a rough in church? It may come from the remotest corner in the rear, but its echo tickles the throat in front, creeps down the side and touches the ears, wringing sympathy and exasperation from every victim. But Cousin's Honey of Tar will cure coughs, colds and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Brounchitis, hoarseness and sore throat. Price 50 cents. For sale at McRoberts & Stagg's.

Don you ever notice how terribly a beauty of the blonde type can disappoint one? At a distance we only see the shining curls of hair, and the imagination, with its soft touch, is quick to complete the picture with a complexion as velvety as the heart of a rose, and as pure as snow. But on close proximity the picture loses its brightness if we discover traces of a disordered liver, which can be corrected by using Portline, or Tabler's Vegetable Liver Powder. Price 50 cents, at McRoberts & Stagg's.

PERSONAL.

—Mr. D. H. SWINER left yesterday for Monticello.

—Mr. J. H. SWINER, Engineer, has been here for several days.

—Joseph H. Ballou, Esq., is with his parents for the Christmas.

—Miss SARANTHA LOGAN arrived from Bowling Green yesterday.

—Miss MOLLIE JOHNSON, of Lancaster, is visiting Mrs. Geo. D. Warren.

—Miss JESSIE PERABENT AND ANNE COOPER are at the St. John's Hotel.

—Mr. J. F. WEAVER left yesterday for a visit to Harrodsburg and Lexington.

—Miss BETTIE FAULKNER, of Lancaster, is a guest of Miss YATTE HAYS OGDEN.

—Mr. E. H. HANCOCK has been appointed storekeeper at Mr. Billy Bell's distillery.

—Messrs. HUGH REID, W. W. OWENS and WILL McKEITH are here for the holidays.

—Miss RUTH CROW AND THE MISSES KAYE AND GEORGINA ECKLES, of the College, are spending the Christmas at their homes.

—Messrs. E. R. AND J. W. HAYNES attended the bag given by the Richmond Social Club on the night of the 24th and speak of it as a grand affair.

—Miss MAY VARNON returned from Lexington Tuesday laden with costly gifts for her aunt, Mrs. Martha Estill, and for other members of her family.

—Miss BETTIE DENNIS is rejoicing over the Christmas gift from her father of a very handsome and sweet-toned piano of the Brunswick & Ode make and purchased of D. H. Ballou & Co., Cincinnati. She has occasion to feel proud.

LOCAL MATTERS.

The thermometer was 14° at 12 o'clock last night.

The Calendar Clock men were enjoying themselves yesterday driving six horses, with bells, to one of their light spring wagons.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.—To-morrow is St. John's day, when elections for officers for the ensuing year will be held at all the lodges.

NEXT WEEK.—THE INTERIOR JOURNAL will issue as usual next Friday morning. Our correspondents will please notice and favor us as usual.

GOOD THINGS.—The largest assortment of Fruits, Candies, Canned Goods, Cakes and Pastry Essentials, etc., are found at Geo. D. Warren's.

DEEDS AND MORTGAGES.—The number of deeds recorded in the County Clerk's office from Jan. 1st to Dec. 26th, 1879, was 271, and the number of mortgages 115.

FOR SALE.—A beautiful new Showinger Organ, with bell attachments, and all other new and desirable improvements. Can be seen at the Myers House. Apply to Geo. H. Bruce & Co.

A GOOD MAN WANTED.—We wish to engage the services of a live, active man to do his entire time to canvassing for this paper. To a suitable person we will pay good wages. Apply at the INTERIOR JOURNAL office.

ENTERTAINMENT.—The teachers and scholars of Walnut College, Rev. J. L. Barnes, Principal, will give a musical and dramatic entertainment at that institution to-night. The programme promises a feast of good things.

PRESENTS.—If you want to make your wife or friend a handsome and useful present, buy one of those nice Decorated Sets of China, or a Chamber Set, or a pair of Branded Lamps, or Celluloid Handled Knives and Forks, at Geo. D. Warren's.

MAY YET PAY FOR THEIR FUEL.—Two unknown scoundrels fired into a freight train on the C. & E. R. R., near Hustonville Station the other day, fortunately doing no damage. The R. R. Officials have offered a reward for the men, and will use every means to bring them to justice.

UNTIL the 15th of January, 1880, the notes and accounts of Warren & Evans will be found with Geo. D. Warren, after that time they will be placed in the hands of some one of more permanent power. One, two, or three years time will not be tolerated in the settlement of our business. Such leniency need not be expected.

MAN SHOT.—A fellow named Rowley, with a party of his friends went to Danville Junction, Wednesday, and after indulging pretty freely, raised a row with a Ben Webb, a brakeman, and without cause pulled out his pistol and shot him in the thigh. There being no one to arrest him he went leisurely away, and is still at large. Webb is not seriously hurt, but his wound is a painful one.

REMEMBERING THE POOR.—Numerous kind friends remembered us with an invitation to Christmas dinner, including Mrs. Trueheart of the College, Mr. E. H. Burside of the Myers House and Capt. Thos. Richards of the St. Asaph, but a press of work prevented the acceptance of any of them, much to our regret. Our Business Manager and wife, however, accepted Capt. Richards' invitation and thoroughly enjoyed one of the magnificent dinners that he knows so well how to spread. The Captain is a natural born hotel man as all of his patrons will testify.

BUFFALO CEMETERY.—From Mr. J. M. Hendricks, the sexton, we learn that there have been eleven persons buried in the Buffalo Cemetery this year, eight adults and three children. Last year the number was eighteen, fourteen adults and four children.

A REMARKABLE FACT.—We are told that three of the young men who tended the bar of the Spraggens House, still standing here, at various times in the dim long ago, afterwards arose to the important positions of United States Judges. Their names were Judge McLean, of the District of Ohio; Judge McKinley, of the District of Alabama, and Judge Catron, of the District of Tennessee.

A BASTARDY CASE.—Was tried before Judge Brown and a jury Monday, in which Miss Peachy Rowe, a dusky damsel, and Harrison Bright, an ebony-browed Lotherio, were the plaintiff and defendant. The testimony was of an amusing character, and Miss Peachy tried hard to make out her case, but her inability to fix dates of periods remote enough, and to establish a good character, resulted in an acquittal of Bright, and left her to take care of the baby alone.

Geo. H. Bruce & Co.—Spread themselves this week, and our readers will not doubt observe that there is a slight mention of the firm on the first page of this issue. Mr. Bruce, the managing member of the firm, deserves the thanks of the entire community for the manner in which he has put down prices, and his own success shows that his patrons appreciate it. It is an actual fact that he sells many goods at retail by retail than they can be bought at wholesale in the city; therefore it is to your interest to stand not on the order of your going, but go at once and interview him. Carroll Reid and A. G. Huffman, Jr., the salesmen, will be found ready and willing to show you through.

ANOTHER SAMPLE PARADE.—Joseph Hughes, of this county, seems to be an especial case of that egotistical egotism which, by the grace of a silly people, is now Governor. He has pardoned him twice since his accession to power. Once for a fine for assault and the other day for carrying concealed weapons. Before and since he was let off with the light punishment of four years in the penitentiary for killing a negro, Hughes has been a troublesome character, to whom a pardon simply means a license to go and do the same thing of worse one, as soon as he is liberated.

Old Houses.—The first brick house ever built in Stanford, we learn, on this site now occupied by the Baptist Church. It was used as a residence by Dr. Thompson, who afterwards built a little brick office where Marshall & Roper's tail shop now stands. The Spraggens' brick house was built about the year 1807 for an "ordinary," in which one was kept for a number of years. This was the oldest house in the town, and Mrs. Polly Shanks' next. The latter was first used as a store-house and residence by Frank Reid. The larger portion of the Bruce House is over 75 years old, and just opposite, where Mr. R. H. Warren has an undertaking shop, is one about as ancient. This house was originally of logs, which are still there, but which are now hid by the weather-banding. The Seminary was built, some time between 1812 and 15, and it was there that the young ideas of Rev. David McRoberts and others of his day, were taught to shoot.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.—At the Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday night, was a thing of beauty, and while not exactly a joy forever, it sent joy to many a heart that will last some time at least. Considering the fearful bad weather in which to prepare the ladies who had the matter in charge deserve great praise, and we would make special and individual mention of each of these, only for the fact that we could not find out who they were. Rev. S. S. McRoberts opened with a short speech and prayer, and the choir sang some delightful songs with organ and cornet accompaniment. The distribution of presents lasted about two hours, and scarcely one of the crowded audience went away without a gift. An interesting feature of the evening was the presentation of an elegantly bound Bible to Superintendent Rout by the school, and a five dollar gold piece to Miss Pattie Burns and a beautiful copy of McCawley's History of England to Miss Julia Craig by the Church, as a testimonial of their services as organists.

NEW BUILDINGS.—The number of substantial stores and dwellings erected in Stanford during the last two years largely exceeds that of any five years before, which indicates that the town is not dead by any manner of means. Besides the improvements made to numerous stores and residences, the following persons have added much to the beauty and worth of the town by new buildings:

J. N. Davis, two handsome and substantial dwellings.

Mrs. S. S. Sims, a cottage.

Will Craig, new dwelling.

Geo. H. Craig, store house.

B. Van Arsdale, large two story brick dwelling.

Mrs. Mary Matheny, handsome dwelling.

J. S. Murphy a store house and a frame dwelling.

A. A. Warren, dwelling nearly completed.

W. F. Ramey, dwelling, under construction.

DEATHS FROM UNNATURAL CAUSES.—During the year there occurred in Lincoln nine deaths from unnatural causes, as follows:

Jan. 17th, John Ferrell waylaid and killed Geo. W. Sutton, a peddler, for which a tender-hearted jury gave him a life term in the penitentiary, instead of stretching his neck.

Jan. 20th, Wm. Wayne, in the upper end of the county, was found dead.

Feb. 12, W. C. Powell was killed by a log rolling over him.

April 23, Thos. V. Cleary took poison and died at Richmond Junction.

Aug. 24, Henry Alfred, colored, killed by Archibald Austin to Miss Hannah J. Etes.

Aug. 12, J. B. Lucas was killed by a log rolling over him.

Aug. 30, George Saunders shot and killed by W. S. Myers.

Sept. 9, Jno. Lewis, colored, was run over and killed by the cars near McKinney's Station.

Nov. 13, Thomas Hatfield waylaid and murdered by Ansel and Gillis Frederick.

BURGLES.—Tomorrow, Saturday, at 11 o'clock, J. B. Dennis will close out a lot of New Buggies at public auction. This sale has been deferred twice on account of bad weather, but will be put off no longer, as he has orders from headquarters to close the buggies out. Now, if you fail to get a bargain, it will be your own fault, as he is determined to sell, let prices be what they may.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Passed off without any unusual occurrences. A drunken man or two might have been seen on the streets, but they were not disposed to be noisy, and consequently kept all their fun to themselves. The prospect is not very promising for a lively Xmas among the young folks, as we do not hear of a single party or hop. But there are other ways of enjoyment besides those.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—Uncle Jack Bosley, by order of court, assumed the duties of the Danville and Crab Orchard Turnpike at doubtful points, and has placed stakes on the premises of those whose fences are within the prescribed distance. It is the duty of those who have been notified of these stakes to remove their fences at once, else they may suffer an indictment at the next term of the Circuit Court.

J. N. DAVIS.—Comes to the front with not only a full line of Groceries and Confectioneries, etc., but with two handsome dwellings which he has just completed and on which he has spent much time and money. There are no better built houses anywhere, the construction is excellent; the location good, and, taking every thing into consideration, they are the most desirable places in town. He offers them for sale at but little over the cost of building, and we would advise those who think of purchasing property to examine these houses and secure a bargain.

THE WEATHER.—After a week of rain and unprecedented warm weather, during which our rivers and streams got on a very big tear, and the green grass began to grow all around, it commenced to turn cold on Christmas eve, and yesterday morning the roofs and other comparatively dry places showed signs of a small snow storm the night before, and snow fell lightly all day. There is, however, a vast difference between the weather now and a year ago, for then the thermometer was three degrees below zero, and six inches of snow covered the earth. The thermometer yesterday at 7 A. M. was just 30° above zero.

THE CLOSING YEAR.—Only a few more days of the year 1879 now remain. The year so near its close has been one of unusual prosperity and plenty. Abundant harvests have been garnered, good prices have been obtained by the farmer for all he had to sell, and he can now afford to be generous to the loved ones at home. To enable all classes to buy here instead of going abroad, our energetic friends, the Hayden Brothers, have laid in a full and splendid stock of dry goods, notions, clothes, dress goods, clothing, boots, shoes, hats, ribbons, lace, etc., and they ask us to go to the public that they will, during the present holidays, and from now on, offer greater and better bargains in everything, as they are determined to close out their winter goods at prices that will please their customers. Don't buy until you give the Haydens a call, and you will save money.

A DEPENDABLE MURDER.—Last Friday morning a fearful tragedy was enacted in Richmond. J. H. Arnold, the large dry goods merchant, went to the office of Dr. Robt. E. Little and fired four shots into his body, one after he had fallen from the office into the street. There were no eye-witnesses to the beginning of the shooting, but Mr. Little, who lived but three minutes afterwards, made a dying declaration in these words: "I know that I am dying and I make this statement. He killed me for nothing," adding in answer to a question, if he did anything to cause it: "I said nothing and did nothing," and then the brave, noble spirit of Robt. Little winged its flight, while his inhuman slayer walked off grinning and chatting, apparently proud of his devilish work. Little and Arnold were brothers-in-law, having married the daughters of Mrs. Mary L. Hood, a wealthy widow of Madison county, who died recently leaving her valuable estate to those daughters. Several months after her death Arnold presented to Little an order on him, the body written in Mrs. Hood's hand, for \$9,000, as the note said, to equalize the two daughters, Little and his wife having boarded with her for a year or two after her marriage. Little pronounced the note a forgery, and Arnold brought suit against him. In the meantime Little employed himself in obtaining evidence to show that Arnold was a forger, and it is thought that the certainty of his success and the consequent downfall of Arnold worked to such an extent on his mind that he had either to put Little out of the way or suffer the consequences of Little's searching investigations. He preferred the former and sought him at his office with the assumed reason to consult him on the renting of a farm they jointly owned in Clark county. In this interview, according to Arnold, Little denounced him as a thief, and as he says, he had to kill him in self-defense, but what excuse did he have for alarm, when his enemy was but a mere boy in size, weighing 110 pounds and unarmed, as was afterwards shown by the coroner's jury. Viewed in all its aspects the murder is a most deplorable one, for it takes from life a man, who as a lawyer and politician, was rapidly rising to distinction, and shuts up in jail a man whose business transactions were making him a useful one in the community. It is said that Arnold barely escaped the fury of a mob, and the fact that he waived an examining trial shows that he prefers to stay in jail, at least for the present, in preference to attempting to establish his innocence and consequent release. The wives of both men have been prostrated since the deed, and it is thought that they will not survive the shock.

MARRIAGES.—

—EASON—DOUGLASS.—On the 23d, Wm. Eason to Miss Mary E. Douglas.

—ELLIOTT—LAYTON.—On the 19th, Mr. Aubrey Elliott to Martha Lator, a 16-year-old maiden.

—COMMISSIONER W. G. Welch sold the farm of John Frye, on the 19th, to J. J. McKinney for \$20 per acre. It was situated on Carpenter's Creek and contained 250 acres.

—WINCHESTER COURT.—About 1,000 cattle on the market, some better than usual. Best cattle brought \$4 per cwt; good, \$3.50; yearlings, fair quality, \$2.75 to \$3.25; one extra bull selling at \$3.50 per cwt.

—Louisville cattle are quoted at \$3.45 for good to extra shippers; \$3.45 to \$4.45 for butchers and 2 to 3 for thin to good. Hog are still lower, the prices being \$4.30 and \$4.35 for choice; mixed to good \$4.10 and \$4.25. The sheep market is unchanged.

—Tom Adams returned last Friday night from Winchester, S. C., where he had been some time with stock. He sold 36 head of horses and mules. Horses brought \$800 to \$200 per head; mules \$55 to \$140. He reports the market very good. [Winchester Sun.]

—COAL LAND PURCHASE.—We learn that Mr. E. B. Hayden, of this place, purchased in Laurel county, last week, two tracts of coal land on the line of the Knoxville Branch extension, from a Mr. Reed, for which he paid \$4,500. There are about 600 acres in the two tracts, and the coal on them is said to be of first-class quality and inexhaustible. If the Railroad is ever extended the purchase will prove to be a paying investment, otherwise, well, not so much so.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Hustonsville, THIRTY YEARS AGO.—This is a quaint and queer old village. Far removed from city pomp, parade and folly, we retain much of the old fashioned genuine Kentucky character. Having little ambition to keep pace with what is vauntingly denominated "advanced thought" in philosophy or religion; entertaining no desire to shine by spicing the attenuated refinements of fashionable society; esteeming wholesome hospitality, and hearty sincerity as of far higher value than the social snare laid properly acquired by a thorough conventional drill—we boast to be one of the most pleasant high-toned and reliable communities on the continent.

And we believe that now while we write, hundreds of hearts scattered far and wide in this and other States are turning hitherward with longing memories of bygone years, and childhood's blissful innocence, and manhood's buoyant hope, and kindred's tender ties, and friendships, tried and true—all indissolubly linked with the loved old home in Western Lincoln.

To catch, perchance, the eye of such we write to-day. Then let the older ones who have left us and still survive, go back a third of a century and mark a few of the changes time has wrought. And as we scan the field, the few and scattered memories remain of the stalwart men of the olden days, sturdy, earnest, slow to seek their earthly abode in the "directory" of the city of the dead. The Andersons, Walter and George B. the Browns, E. W. and Willie; Carroll Bailey, Archie Burton, the Carpenters, George (Station) Henry, David, Major Geo. and H. L. the Dindwields; L. D. Goode, the Hockeys, Tignall, Joseph and Phillip; John Huston, J. P. City, Wm. F. Abram and George Lee, Robert Miller, A. W. Walker, D. J. George, and Alfred Arnold, Simon and Randall Peyton, Marquis Helm, J. W. Reid, G. C. Riffe, Dr. A. A. Campbell, Samuel and David Williams, Allen Logan, Burton McKinney, Joseph and Emmett McCormack, Lindsey, Edmund and Wm. Powell, Chauncey Shipman, John Welsh, Alfred Skinner, Wm. and Randall Ould, Wilson Jones, Danbridge Lyon, Jas. Sontre, Jas. Wm. Willoughby and J. E. Wright, all men of mark and widely known in the town to which we refer, have passed away. And as their names pass before us now, linked with other names—some dead—a few surviving still—we are struck with the fact that a mighty host have fallen—men who have been mourned and missed—men whose native wisdom, and rich experience, and upright example, and prudent counsel were of inestimable value to the younger generation, and aided largely in giving to old Lincoln the proud position she holds among her sister counties. Perhaps the sons of these sires as they scan this grand array of names may catch anew the light of their own responsibility—may gain new light as to the debt they owe to the living race, and to the memory of the departed—may be urged to their numerous patrons the genial greetings of the season. We have enjoyed with you another year of pleasant intercourse, and flatter ourselves that that intercourse has been mutually agreeable and beneficial. We are glad now to be able to announce that we have made arrangements to conduct our large and increasing business another year in this community; and pledge ourselves to continue as in the past, to study your wants, and meet them promptly and at reasonable prices. Our acquaintance with the demands of the market being more intimate, and our experience in business more matured, we feel warranted in pledging ourselves to give the fullest satisfaction. Respectfully, W. H. Smith & Co.

At J. C. Johnston's sale Thursday, there was a good attendance, especially from abroad. H. T. Bush, was auctioneer, and conducted the business in his usual pleasant and spirited style. Fair prices were realized for the most of the property offered. We note the most prominent: 21 head stock hogs at \$3.05 per cwt; 35 extra Southdown ewes, \$5.10 per head; Wyatt Sandidge was the purchaser; 19 head feeding steers, to J. W. Allen, at \$3.80; cows, \$2.10 to \$3.25; saddle mares \$55. The farm, about 130 acres, was knocked down to Greenberry Bright, at \$14,000. Mr. Bush also bought the corn, about 150 bbls. in the crib, at 7 to 11 cents per bush. Our old friend, Bennett Lloyd, bought a pair of strong looking ewes, said to be a new importation got up by the Grangers on economical principles, being entirely destitute of hair, and hence do not need to be shorn. If they prove equal to the rigor of our climate they will be quite an acquisition.

The Cincinnati Southern Railway is already beginning to do a lively business. When it shall have been fully opened, which will soon be the case, its influence will be felt wherever along its line a single article of commercial value can be produced. The immense forests which have stood useless for ages, will be utilized. The coal and iron lumbering in their mountain beds will be brought to light. Fertile fields which have been but partially reclaimed and negligently cultivated will now be renovated from a beautiful fruitfulness, while capital and labor will unite to turn to gold, by means of the alchemy of science and industry, the crudest products of the country. As an evidence of the impulse the road is giving to the business of producers, we have obtained one or two reports. Thus: J. W. Allen & Co., have, since the first of July, shipped on the C. S. R. mainly from Hustonville Station, sheep and cattle, 150 car loads; hogs, about 30 car loads. Their aggregate freight bill up to Dec. 1, was \$4,629. This is pretty fair patronage from one concern in a single line, at a little Station in the woods. W. H. Smith & Co., have shipped mainly from the same point, since July 1st, wheat, 67 car loads; do. 300 sacks in small lots; corn, 6 cars; walnut lumber, 2 cars; turkeys, 300 head; eggs, 75 cases (30 dozen each), 300 hens; they are also receiving at the depot, 100,000 staves. The above are shipped merely as samples of what is being shipped at this point. Of course others have shipped cattle, sheep, hogs, lumber, staves, a little bran, and a very large amount of tobacco. In fact, almost any thing useful, no matter how cumbersome, is in reach of market by rail.

—Col. Jamieson has made up for E. S. Kauffman, a large lot of superior saddles. The Col. is a Republican, but probably the best workman in Kentucky. If Frank went to advertise, mark the first two lines with a * any how.

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In a migration among the steady, working men of our community, we fell in with Col. Jamieson, the clever and enterprising right-hand supporter of F. S. Kaufman. The Col. has been dividing his time for the last six years between this city and the growing village of Baltimore, Md. In the course of his periodical sojourns here, he has made about 500 first-class saddles, many of which have been ordered from the South. No stock trader will consider himself equipped for the Southern market without one of Jim's saddle backs; and no one brings his saddles back. If it were not for the Col's nefarious politics, he would be a model man.

The closing year brings thick and fast the memories of its buried hours. The festal observances that every where mark its departure speak of gratitude for the past and hope for the future. With the spirit of the hour, W. H. Smith & Co., again extend to their numerous patrons the genial greetings of the season. We have enjoyed with you another year of pleasant intercourse, and flatter ourselves that that intercourse has been mutually agreeable and beneficial. We are glad now to be able to announce that we have made arrangements to conduct our large and increasing business another year in this community; and pledge ourselves to continue as in the past, to study your wants, and meet them promptly and at reasonable prices. Our acquaintance with the demands of the market being more intimate, and our experience in business more matured, we feel warranted in pledging ourselves to give the fullest satisfaction. Respectfully, W. H. Smith & Co.

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—We will have some changes in our mercantile circles for the next year—not yet developed. The firms of Smith & Co., as you will see from their "ad" will continue, and extend. They have done a very large business during the year. In the single article of wheat, J. B. Green has bought and shipped for the firm about 25,000 bushels. They have a large quantity of corn in store and are still doing a good business. Their house is generally well filled with purchasers during business hours.

In a migration among the steady, working men of our community, we fell in with Col. Jamieson, the clever and enterprising right-hand supporter of F. S. Kaufman. The Col. has been dividing his time for the last six years between this city and the growing village of Baltimore, Md. In the course of his periodical sojourns here, he has made about 500 first-class saddles, many of which have been ordered from the South. No stock trader will consider himself equipped for the Southern market without one of Jim's saddle backs; and no one brings his saddles back. If it were not for the Col's nefarious politics, he would be a model man.

The closing year brings thick and fast the memories of its buried hours. The festal observances that every where mark its departure speak of gratitude for the past and hope for the future. With the spirit of the hour, W. H. Smith & Co., again extend to their numerous patrons the genial greetings of the season. We have enjoyed with you another year of pleasant intercourse, and flatter ourselves that that intercourse has been mutually agreeable and beneficial. We are glad now to be able to announce that we have made arrangements to conduct our large and increasing business another year in this community; and pledge ourselves to continue as in the past, to study your wants, and meet them promptly and at reasonable prices. Our acquaintance with the demands of the market being more intimate, and our experience in business more matured, we feel warranted in pledging ourselves to give the fullest satisfaction. Respectfully, W. H. Smith & Co.

At J. C. Johnston's sale Thursday, there was a good attendance, especially from abroad. H. T. Bush, was auctioneer, and conducted the business in his usual pleasant and spirited style. Fair prices were realized for the most of the property offered. We note the most prominent: 21 head stock hogs at \$3.05 per cwt; 35 extra Southdown ewes, \$5.10 per head; Wyatt Sandidge was the purchaser; 19 head feeding steers, to J. W. Allen, at \$3.80; cows, \$2.10 to \$3.25; saddle mares \$55. The farm, about 130 acres, was knocked down to Greenberry Bright, at \$14,000. Mr. Bush also bought the corn, about 150 bbls. in the crib, at 7 to 11 cents per bush. Our old friend, Bennett Lloyd, bought a pair of strong looking ewes, said to be a new importation got up by the Grangers on economical principles, being entirely destitute of hair, and hence do not need to be shorn. If they prove equal to the rigor of our climate they will be quite an acquisition.

The Cincinnati Southern Railway is already beginning to do a lively business. When it shall have been fully opened, which will soon be the case, its influence will be felt wherever along its line a single article of commercial value

